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TO OUR READERS.

It will be observed that the present number of the "Illustrated Times" is, in compliance with the request of very numerous subscribers, printed on a greatly superior paper to that which has been heretofore used, and that a marked improvement in the quality of the Engravings has been likewise effected. To have attempted this latter improvement, while, owing to the inferiority of the paper, no amount of care in the printing would have made it apparent, would have been labour thrown away. Indeed, many of the engravings already published in this journal, and on which large sums of money were expended, have, from this cause, come out far less effectively than we had a right to expect, as those of our readers who are familiar with such matters will readily understand.

In addition to the above improvements, we may announce that in the course of the next few weeks

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE,

by an Author of deservedly high reputation, will be commenced in the columns of the "Illustrated Times," and will be continued through successive numbers until completed.

To meet the increased expenditure involved by these improvements, we have fixed the price of the "Illustrated Times" at 2½d. instead of 2d. per number as heretofore; and if we find, as we believe will be the case, that these changes meet with general approval, the "Illustrated Times" will continue to be issued to its subscribers at the slightly increased price. In asking of our readers the same extensive measure of support which they have already accorded to us, we do not hesitate to assure them that, all things taken into consideration, they will still find the "Illustrated Times" the cheapest, and, as its conductors believe, one of the best newspapers for family reading.

Office, 148, Fleet Street.

PROSPECTS OF THE NEW YEAR.

It cannot be imputed 1857 that it begins dully. On the contrary, there has not been for a long time such a crop of great questions. There are wars in the East, and rumours of wars in Europe. The air is full of *canards*. In fact, the excitement of the Russian

war is doing the work that might have been expected from it—disposing alike potentates and republicans to be sensitive about slights and eager for combats. If Europe escapes great convulsions, it may think itself lucky.

By the effects of the Russian war Englishmen are brought into directer contact with the Continent than they used to be. We cannot hold aloof from questions which will affect, in their consequences, our national position. It may be all very well to occupy ourselves with domestic matters—and of the need of our doing so there can be no doubt; but if the Prussian and Swiss question takes the form of a regular war, its development into a question of universal principles will soon arise. It is not only a common dispute, arising out of diplomacy, but involves the point whether monarchs can safely go on the letter of their rights in our age, against sympathies of a more liberal character? Switzerland has both old ideas and new ideas in her favour; she has come to be regarded as one of the few homes of freedom left in the world. The king, therefore, who attacks her for a little bit of a formal right which he has tacitly renounced before, and sympathising with a body of men who are absolutely captured



CHRISTMAS AT WINDSOR CASTLE: BRINGING IN GAME FROM THE FOREST.

rioters in the eyes of every law,—such a king threatens Europe with a revolutionary war. However secretly certain potentates may sympathise with him, they must see the dangers incurred here; they must see also that the sympathies of the English public will be entirely with Switzerland. Wherefore, it were better for all of us that English mediation were forthcoming on the pacific side; and we trust that no love of "vigorous" meddling on the part of our Premier unfits him for the task of a peacemaker. We now want to see his talents in the pacific and domestic line, or the access to power of somebody who possesses such. What is the good of all the seamanship of the skipper of the *Flying Dutchman*, when he never brings a cargo home? What signifies it that in every gale his craft is seen under a tremendous press of canvas?

It is indeed wonderful how any modern monarch or statesman can enter into war, when any chance of avoiding it remains. The interest of all dynasties is to forward internal questions. The old days of enthusiasm for kings and mere love of glory are (for the time, at all events) gone by in the West. Aristocracies seek amusement—the middle classes money—and the lower classes bread. Our finer kinds of intellect and sentiment employ themselves in science and art. Peace is a necessary condition of this life; and chiefly because it affords dynasties an opportunity of strengthening themselves by good domestic measures. It was foreign ambition that ruined Louis Philippe, for it disgusted his subjects; and so, when a time of distress came, he had no popular affection to fall back on. That popular affection has to be cultivated carefully in our day by any system that means to last; it cannot be expected to rest safely on instinct now. In England we are especially interested in peace, because so heavily burdened by taxation; and peace is not incompatible with such an amount of reserved and excellent war force as we shall always readily admit to be proper.

Holding these general views, we trust to see the public opinion of this country supporting a pacific policy. It is not that we hold with the "Times" either that the present state of the Continent is good, or that it is likely to be permanent. We are quite fixed in our belief that periodical "revolutions" will occur there for generations yet. But with a propaganda of any sort there England has nothing to do; and if—by mediation or in any other way—she can avert such crises as would compel her to meddle, why, in Heaven's name, let her employ it. We should dread, like poison, a long-winded session of Parliament, full of debates on "foreign policy," and destitute of any measures of social value and consequence.

There is, we are glad to think, a prospect that the Conference will attain its ends quietly and without much delay. Russia, it appears, will get off with a "compromise"—receiving a bit of territory, as a set-off against the loss of Belgrad and the Isle of Serpents. She will have to leave the mouth of the Danube free. These are not brilliant concessions after so costly a war;—in fact, we must make the most of the memory of our battles, if we wish to contemplate the war with any satisfaction. The exposures of our administrative system—the shattered and exhausted state of Turkey—and the disturbing Palmerstonian foreign policy—are all to be set against the glory of these battles, and form bad companions to the fact that Russia's positive sacrifices are no heavier.

The public will be eager for some time to get more news from the East. The Persian Expedition and the Canton Bombardment are anxious topics with which to begin the year. As to the first, there is a dearth of information in England generally, which contributes much to the national uneasiness on the subject. We all remember the horrors of the Affghan war—we all know something of the nature of our diplomacy in distant regions—and we all know the restless love of extension of the Indian Company. Together with a general distrust of the way our expeditions are conducted everywhere, reflections on these circumstances are apt to make us despondent. And it may be added, that if Russia is brought into collision with us in these regions, we shall probably find ourselves once more engaged with her at home. Touching the Canton business, we can only express a hope that the English had more provocation than the accounts yet received attribute to the conduct of the Chinese. Victories are easily won over that harmless people; and bloodshed and massacre of facile execution are disgraceful to our flag and our humanity.

Such topics as the above are rather varied than relieved by discussions on the "criminal" question, which is evidently about to be a tough nut for the new year. We have often expressed our opinion that it is high time to revise our "humanitarian" views on this subject; but the reader will find some remarks on domestic topics in another part of our paper.

THE GREAT KITCHEN IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

PREPARING THE CHRISTMAS BANQUET.

WE question whether there exists a Royal Palace the wide world through possessing more marked elements of grandeur than the far-famed castle at Windsor. That massive and varied pile of buildings which owes so much to its commanding position, with its huge circular keep, (above which the Royal standard of England has waved, with few exceptions, for almost 800 consecutive Christmas Days), and its light and elegant chapel enriched with the most delicate tracery, contrasting curiously with the more gloomy and feudal-looking portions of this varied and magnificent pile. As we gaze from the terrace, our eye roams over the wide expanse of landscape that lies spread beneath, and which, during the smiling summer time, with the glittering river, the adjacent grassy meads, and the tufted groves that fade away, as it were, among the distant hills, ever wears an aspect of genuine English beauty, but which, at this season of the year, is cold and sombre-looking, with the russet-coloured and moss-grown branches of the leafless trees sharply defined against the leaden-coloured tints of the sky. Our present business, however, calls us to a warmer region, and leaving the terrace we wend our way up the hill to the Norman gate, past those ancient and grim-looking carved stone heads which always seem to carefully scan each passer-by. This gate leads to a square courtyard, on one side of which is the porter's lodge, into which we enter. Here are no giants with clubs, or dwarfs and jesters, as there were in days of old; but a portly-looking individual, dressed in livery of scarlet, and purple, and gold, enthroned in a seat which is necessarily of capacious dimensions. This comfortable-looking functionary is fortunately assisted in his duties by a much thinner and more active personage belonging to the A division of Police, who conducts us through passages which seem to have mysterious windings, and to be of interminable length. In due time we reach the regions of the kitchen. On entering the lobby, an apartment branching off at the side, we find ourselves face to face with numbers of neatly-dressed kitchen maids, men cooks, and their assistants, all of whom are actively engaged in various culinary avocations. We have but time to glance at this busy scene, when we are welcomed by M. Moret, the able chef of this department, and by him are invited into the principal kitchen, a hall of fine proportions, well lighted and ventilated, with Gothic roof, and other plain, yet appropriate decorations. This portion of the Castle was erected at the time of Wyatt's extensive alterations. At each end of the apartment is a huge fire-place, which at Christmas time is kept alight both night and day. At one of these the famous baron of beef, surrounded by joints of less noble proportions, is roasting for the Royal banquet. So intense is the heat, that our artist who made the sketch for the engraving on page 13 was half roasted by the time he had completed his drawing. We were informed by M. Moret that it required a considerable amount of skill and care properly to roast the noble baron of beef as was on the spit before us—a joint

which no other country in the world except England could produce. It seems that it must not be soddened, neither must its delicate outer coating be the least burnt, or even over-browned; and this is no easy matter, when we consider that the Christmas "baron" at Windsor Castle usually weighs from 127 to 137 lbs. While gazing upon it as it swung gracefully round, we could not but think of those days when, instead of being kept in motion by wheels moved by some unseen power, the noble "baron" was turned by long-backed, short-legged, and pitcher-tailed turnspit dogs. It must, indeed, have been hard work for these poor brutes at Christmas time! Now-a-days the broach turns merrily round under the careful superintendence of the roasting cooks, who coax the "baron" with sufficient basting, and place him with judgment at proper distances from the fire, instructing the subordinates respecting the supply of fresh fuel, and, in spite of heat and fatigue, watching and attending upon him from early morning, throughout the day and night, and not considering him as a fit "dish to set before a Queen" until past cock-crow on the following morn. Then the baron is left to cool, and, when decked out in Christmas style, is truly a substantial dish, and one which, in spite of the multiplicity of tempting viands which grace the Royal banquet, is not regarded with disdain by the highest in the land.

Besides the two huge fireplaces above mentioned, the Royal kitchen possesses various cooking ranges, ovens, &c., of the most improved construction, in which the most delicate culinary operations are carried on—operations which would surprise the cooks of Queen Elizabeth's day, if they could but return to their old haunts to witness them. From very remote times the kitchen has always been an important department of the establishments of our Sovereigns; and, while viewing the animated scene before us, our thoughts reverted back to former times, to the numerous cooks who have held their reign in this Royal kitchen. How one would have liked to have seen the effigy of the chief royal cook of Shakespeare's day—he who provided the Christmas banquet for Queen Bess, with its "swannes," its "cappons in grease," its peacock's "sottelies," its huge roasts of beef, its joints of venison, and other viands of ancient days! But let us quit such dreams as these, and note what is now passing around. Right in front of us are several sturdy-looking youths in green velvet coats turned up with gold, laden with pheasants, hares, partridges, and other game, which hang suspended on long poles. These have been brought from the adjacent forest, and the delivery of them is duly entered in a book kept by the appointed person. No sooner are these got rid of, than butchers arrive in rapid succession with joints of beef and mutton, which are rapidly carried off to the Royal larder. Of this interesting department of her Majesty's household, we shall say something in a future number of this journal.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

THE political news from France is still comprised in the Conference, which opened on Wednesday at the hotel of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is satisfactory to hear that there is every probability that the conferences will be amicably carried on, and as amicably terminated. We hear, indeed, that the question of the Bessarabian frontier line is as good as settled. Bolgrad, it is proposed, will be incorporated with Moldavia; the Isle of Serpents and the Delta of the Danube will belong to Turkey; and Russia will receive in exchange, and as an official compensation for this last concession, but really as an equivalent for Bolgrad, a territory of 140 square miles, which would advance her territory to the second Yalpuke, and would easily permit her to establish a central administration for her Bulgarian population. In this manner all parties will be satisfied; Russia will lose none of her Bulgarian subjects; England and Austria will no longer fear for the Danube; and Turkey will be equally satisfied. It appears that the honour of this arrangement is due to the Emperor Napoleon, who first conceived the idea, and has got it accepted, in principle at least, by all parties. So we have it reported from various sources.

There is much talk of a recent visit of M. Guizot to M. Thiers, to talk over the prospects of the forthcoming general elections.

The "Presse" contains an article of some interest on the subject of the island of Karrak, which the English have taken as their base of operations in the Persian Gulf. That island, the "Presse" declares, belongs to France, having been ceded by treaty in 1769 to M. Pyralot, French consul at Basora, by Kerim-Khan, vakil of Persia. The article of the Paris journal concludes as follows:—"In present political circumstances the rights of France on Karrak might produce complications of an unexpected nature in the Anglo-Persian difficulty. We may mention one single instance which might arise were Persia, our ally, to express her discontent at seeing an English army transform the French island of Karrak into its base of operations; this would suffice to compel the French Government to interfere in the question."

SPAIN.

THE declining influence of Narvaez is still confidently spoken of. The persons compromised in the affair of the republican club which was lately discovered, have been sent to different parts of the kingdom under the surveillance of the authorities.

The part of the message of President Pierce relating to the abolition of privatering does not appear to be acceptable to all Spanish politicians, as they seem to think that, in the event of any attempt made on Cuba by the Americans, the chief strength of Spain would be the granting of letters-of-marque to the subjects of other maritime States.

There has been more activity noticeable in the Spanish naval arsenals lately than for some time past.

The representatives of the house of MM. Mirès and Co. have just paid into the treasury sixty millions of reals, the first instalment of the new loan.

ITALY.

THE Pope paid a visit, on the 19th ult., to the newly-erected column in honour of the Immaculate Conception. Queen Christina witnessed the ceremony of raising the column from a balcony. This column is an old one, with a new destiny. It once served, according to the opinion of some authors, to bear the names of the Roman tribes and centuries who came to give their turbulent votes in the Campus Martius; whilst, according to other antiquaries, it belonged to the forum of Antoninus Pius. Whatever purpose it may have served in former ages, it certainly lay half buried and neglected for several hundreds of years in the garden of the Missionary Fathers, whence it was excavated by command of Pope Clement XI., and placed opposite the Innocentian Curia, on the Monte Citorio, where it lay undisturbed for another hundred and fifty years, until Pio Nino cast his eye upon it, and destined it to rear its lofty head once more, in perpetual memorial of his dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception.

In order to secure the fidelity of his troops, the Pope has ordered the institution of ten knightly decorations with the yearly pension of fifty scudi each, and fifty-five medals of special merit, entitling their wearers to pensions of thirty and twenty-five scudi each. The first class is intended for the officers, the second for non-commissioned officers and privates.

PRUSSIA AND SWITZERLAND

PRUSSIA and Switzerland obstinately preserve their hostile attitude. The Federal Assembly met on Saturday, and formed itself into a national council. The President's speech had a warlike tone. Orders have been issued for the prompt organisation of the landwehr; an appeal has been made to the Swiss women to provide for the service of the ambulances; fifteen thousand troops are placed en echelon from Basle to Rheinfelden Lestail and as many from Rheinfelden to Schaffhausen; the steamers on the Lake of Baden have been armed with cannon, and the ports on the lake placed in a state of defence; the central governments and private individuals vie with each other in enthusiasm and in sacrifices; several banking-houses of Basle have offered the Federal Council one hundred million of francs; in a word, the Swiss people are thoroughly roused and watchfully prepared.

The Federal Council has demanded authorisation to negotiate a pacific solution of the difference upon the bases that have been hitherto observed; the approbation of the defensive measures now in course of execution; the authorisation to take all necessary steps to complete the defence of the ter-

ritory; an unlimited credit, and an authorisation to contract a loan of thirty millions. These demands have been unanimously voted by the Federal Assembly.

On Christmas Eve a simultaneous military review was held at all the places d'armes of the several districts of the canton of St. Gall. The whole of the infantry of the contingent of that canton, together with the federal reserve and the landwehr, passed under inspection. On the 26th the cavalry was inspected at St. Gall, at Buols, and at Wetzli. The day before there was a meeting in the town of St. Gall of all the citizens who are exempt by their age from service among either the federal or cantonal troops, but who are ready to aid as volunteers in the defence of the soil of Switzerland.

At the same time, negotiations are not altogether concluded. The United States Minister at Berne has set out for Berlin with pacific proposals; and the French Emperor has again interposed. The Federal Council seem disposed to liberate the Royalist prisoners (coupled with their expulsion from the Swiss territories), provided the whole of the Powers, including the United States of America, which have representatives in Switzerland, would engage to use their influence to obtain from the King of Prussia the formal renunciation of his claims on the canton of Neuchâtel. Meanwhile, as the time of action draws near, we are told, and very sincerely hope, the ardour of the King of Prussia cools.

The Government of Wurtemberg has refused to allow the concentration or passage of the Prussian army through its territory. Measures have been taken in Bavaria for the transport of Prussian troops by railway, and for supplying them with provisions.

It was reported at Basle that the United States Government had offered the Swiss war council vessels to bring home the Swiss regiments from Naples, and a loan of 20,000,000 of francs, to be paid by subscriptions in America.

RUSSIA.

SOME very important alterations have been made in the organisation of the Russian army. By virtue of an Order of the Day, dated the 19th ult., in each of the three divisions of Grenadiers, as also in each of the eighteen infantry divisions of the Sixth Army Corps, and, finally, in each of the four divisions of the separate Caucasian Corps, a battalion of sharpshooters are to be formed and added thereto, which, consequently, will increase these bodies by twenty-five Rifle battalions. While, therefore, on the one hand a reduction in the Russian army will take place, on the other it will be increased and even strengthened considerably in the end.

On the 4th ult., the Duke de Ossuna, the Spanish Minister, was formerly received by the Emperor at the palace of Czarskoé Selo, and was afterwards presented to the Empress. In the evening the Duke dined at the palace, and attended a theatrical performance. For twenty-three years there has been no Spanish Minister at St. Petersburg—the last one, M. Paes de la Cueva, having left on the accession of Queen Isabella to the throne in 1833.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

THE financial difficulties of the Ottoman government appear to have become chronic, for each steamer conveys to us the intelligence of a new loan having been sought and obtained. The latest accounts announce that the Porte has contracted a new loan of 30,000,000 piastres.

Feruk-Khan, the Persian ambassador extraordinary, was to leave Constantinople for France at the beginning of this month. The same letter states that Feruk-Khan, after having transmitted to his sovereign the demands of England, proposes to continue negotiations in Paris and London, and that he has asked for instructions from his court with that view.

The "Journal de Constantinople" announces the official mediation of England to effect a reconciliation between Abyssinia and Egypt.

AMERICA.

WE have some further particulars as to the slave insurrection in America. A correspondent of the "Bridgeport Advertiser" (Connecticut), says that the slave insurrection near that city "was discovered by an accident. The negroes had appointed Christmas as the day on which to do their bloody work. Under one of the churches were found several kegs of powder intended to blow up the congregation while in church, and then massacre the rest. Powder and knives were taken on being landed, concealed in collins; but the thing is about over here. Similar doings have been found out in Kentucky and Mississippi. There seems to be a general understanding clear through that, in case Fremont was not elected, they would rise and make themselves masters at all hazards. Several of the negroes have been shot, several hung, and numbers of the poor creatures are in irons awaiting their trial. The sheriffs and officers are out on the track of a few of those 'pious preachers' who of late have been circulating among them; woe betide them if ever caught!"

The excitement in Tennessee and Kentucky arising out of the insurrection, is said to have nearly died out, but in the other parts of the south it was as lively as ever. It appears to have originated in Texas, near the Rio Grande, three months since, and to have extended to nearly all the Southern States. In the whole region from Memphis, through Clarksville, to Dover, on the Cumberland river, the greatest alarm existed in regard to the movements of the negroes. The jails in all the counties were crowded with the arrested blacks. The county courts had assembled in each county, and vigilance committees and patrols had been appointed in each neighbourhood and township. Eight more negroes had been hung at Dover, making nineteen in all. No overt act had been committed, but the proof against them of insurrectionary designs was, it is said, conclusive.

We are inclined to doubt the "conclusions" of the slaveholders, however, after reading the following paragraph in the "Jeffersonian," a Tennessee journal:—"The crimes contemplated should be atoned for precisely as though those crimes had been attempted and consummated. Fearful and terrible examples should be made, and, if need be, the fagot and flame should be brought into requisition, to show these deluded maniacs the fierceness and the vigour, the swiftness and completeness, of the white man's vengeance. Let a terrible example be made in every neighbourhood where the crime can be established, and, if necessary, let every tree in the country bend with negro meat."

In the House of Representatives a resolution had been declared that any suggestions to re-open the African slave trade would subject the United States to the execration of all civilised and Christian people, and that it is inexpedient, unwise, and contrary to the settled policy of the United States to repeal the laws protecting the African.

Nine more French refugees from Cayenne had arrived at New York from Demerara.

In the Supreme Court, New York, two of the parties, Elieut Debud and Eugène Grelet, who were supposed to have been concerned in the late frauds upon the Northern Railway of France, were discharged upon their stipulating not to commence any action for unlawful imprisonment. The other prisoners, Charpentier and Parrot, were detained for further proceedings in the case.

Governor Geary announces the restoration of peace in Kansas. Sixteen of the Free-State prisoners, on trial for murder in the first degree, had been acquitted.

It was expected that an expedition to Venezuela, under the command of General Paéz, was fitting out at New York, and the authorities were keeping watch to prevent it.

Reports were recently prevalent that Walker had gained a decided advantage over his enemies; but late advices show that he has been beaten, and finding it impossible to retain Granada, had fired the town, and retreated to San Juan del Sur. In fact, he seems brought to his last stand.

AUSTRALIA.

THE commercial prospects of Australia are reported to be favourable. Gold has been discovered at Dwyer's Creek, about 40 miles from Braidedwood, 25 from the diggings of Araluen, and about 100 from Goulbourn, and at a little distance from the coast.

A splendid specimen of black-lead ore is said to have been brought from Mount Kemble near Wollongong.

THE WAR WITH PERSIA.

A DECRET by the Shah of Persia invests the Grand Vizier with unlimited powers for life. The same decree adds that serious events are imminent and calls upon the people to show themselves energetic, and to defend their honour to the last.

All the chiefs of tribes, by whom the environs of Herat are occupied, have made their submission.

The Persian columns, despatched in pursuit of Dost Mahommed, were advancing on Candahar.

The "Tehran Gazette" of the 7th Raby-el-aouel (5th of November) announces that the siege of Herat was undertaken to prevent the Governor, Eza Khan, from surrendering the town to the Afghan Emir, Dost Mahommed Khan. This proceeding, the "Gazette" adds, was perfectly consistent with the treaty of Herat concluded between Great Britain and Persia. Notwithstanding all that has passed, the Persian Government has not lost sight of the preservation of its friendship with Great Britain, and is ready to withdraw her troops from Herat on condition that the British Government shall take measures at Candahar, Afghanistan, and Herat itself to secure that each of those countries shall remain for ever under the rule of its own government.

A commission, composed of several officers, has been sent from the Russian head-quarters to visit the Mazanderan, a province of Persia adjoining the Caspian Sea, in order to reconnoitre the various passages for troops, and draw topographical plans. It appears that in the event of serious hostilities taking place between England and Persia, the Mazanderan will be a very important strategic point. Troops will be concentrated in this province, and the defiles of the Caspian gates and that of Komis will be strongly occupied. It is by these two points that the centre of the Persian empire, which, in this case, is destined to become the theatre of the struggle, may be approached.

CANTON BOMBARDED.

THE intercourse between the British authorities and the Governor of Canton has for some time been embarrassed with growing difficulties, the result of the unredressed grievances of British merchants. On the 8th of October, the Chinese authorities completed their arbitrary course by seizing a vessel under British colours, and making prisoners of the crew. It is even stated on good authority that they cut off the heads of four of the crew. The Consul, Mr. Parkes, proceeded on board the lorcha, and afterwards endeavoured to obtain an interview with the mandarins. On board the lorcha he was menaced, and the mandarins refused to give any kind of explanation of the proceeding.

The Consul immediately despatched intelligence of these events to Sir John Bowring, at Hong Kong, and also to Sir Michael Seymour, who was on the spot, and reprisals were commenced by the seizure of a mandarin junk. Meanwhile the Consul sent in a strong remonstrance to Yeh, the governor of the city, to which no answer was returned. All attempts at conciliation having thus failed, a naval force appeared on the scene.

On the 18th of October, Sir Michael Seymour despatched from Hong Kong the screw corvette *Encounter*, 14 guns, and the steam sloop *Sampson*, 6, for Whampoa in the first instance, with a large force of marines and blue jackets; and the steam sloop *Barraclough* followed with further detachments. Admiral Seymour himself then proceeded to Canton, and undertook the direction of the operations. The British and other traders were officially warned of the posture of affairs, and commercial transactions, which for a week before had been little more than nominal, were suspended.

The river in front of Canton is rather broader than the Thames at London Bridge, but the depth of water does not exceed two fathoms, while the narrow passages by which access is gained to it on the eastern side of the island of Whampoa, have a depth not exceeding a fathom and a half. The city is externally guarded by five forts, of which two are on the land side and two on Pearl river. These were attacked and taken by our countrymen on the 24th of October. An attempt was then made by Admiral Seymour to terminate the difficulty without further hostilities, but the Chinese Governor would neither give satisfaction nor grant an interview to the British Commander.

Admiral Seymour then determined to attack the city itself. A wall, composed partly of sandstone and partly of brick, surrounds Canton; it is about thirty feet high and twenty-five feet thick, and is mounted with cannon. Against this wall a fire was opened on the 27th of October, and by the 29th a practicable breach had been opened, through which the troops entered. The Governor's palace, situate in the south-western part of the new city, was gained, but the troops were withdrawn in the evening. The loss was only three killed and twelve wounded.

A further attempt which was now made to negotiate proved vain, and it was then resolved to attack the old inner, or Manteou portion of the city, divided from the southern by a high massive stone wall, and containing the garrison of Canton. This part of the city was bombarded on the 3rd and 4th of November, and on the 6th the *Barraclough* destroyed twenty-three war junks. Another interval of reflection was then granted to the Chinese Governor, but at the date of the last accounts from Canton which had reached Hong Kong, no signs of an accommodation were discernible.

The Imperialist garrison of Canton was in a very weakened state. The Governor had raised the pay of common soldiers from six to eight dollars a month. Kaweiin-foo, the capital of the adjoining province of Kwangsi, was closely invested by the insurgents, who, it was thought, would probably attack the Manteou Governor as soon as his new embarrassments became known.

Our fleet of war ships in the Chinese Seas is at this time large, as will be seen by the following list:—

At Hong Kong: *Calcutta*, 84, Captain Hall; *Winchester*, 50, Captain Wilson; *Coromandel*, 3, Lieutenant Nares; *Hercules*, *Minden*, hospital ships.—At Whampoa: *Sybil*, 40, Commodore Elliot; *Encounter*, 14, Captain O'Callaghan; *Bittern*, 12, Captain Bate; *Sampson*, 6, Captain Hand; *Comus*, 14, Captain Jenkins.—At Canton: *Barraclough*, 6, Captain Fortescue.—At Woosung: *Pique*, 36, Captain Sir F. W. Nicolson; *Hornet*, 17, Captain Forsyth.

The sloop *Comus* has lost eight of her guns, which her commander was compelled to throw overboard in a tempest in the Formosa Channel. Admiral Seymour only arrived at Hong Kong from his northern cruise ten days before the commission of the outrage which he is engaged in avenging.

IRELAND.

A NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP.—A papal bull is expected announcing the sanction of the Holy See to the election of the Rev. Dr. Furlong, one of the Maynooth Professors, as Bishop of Ferns, in succession to the late Dr. Murphy.

SKATING IN PHOENIX PARK.—FATAL ACCIDENT.—The pond in Phoenix Park was partially frozen on Saturday, and a number of persons were engaged skating wherever the ice appeared thickest. A large dog having fallen through a hole, one of the skaters in attempting to rescue him fell in, but was extricated by a number of those present, though with much difficulty. As soon as the excitement attendant on this accident had subsided, it was found that four boys had fallen in in another part of the pond. Although the danger of attempting to rescue them was very great, two young men, named Burke and Henson, plunged in and succeeded in extricating three of the four. The fourth was subsequently drawn out, and although every possible effort was made to restore him, he died soon afterwards. A subscription was entered into on the spot to reward the men who had perilled their lives. A sum of three pounds was at once collected, upwards of ten shillings of which was made up of the pence of the poor boys who were amusing themselves about the grounds.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN HIMSELF AGAIN.—Mr. Smith O'Brien cannot rest. From Cahernacree he has addressed a letter, of O'Connell-like dimensions, through the "Nation," to the People of Ireland. Mr. O'Brien proceeds a great length to discuss the war with Russia, and he asks, "What has Ireland gained by those hostilities?" After reviewing our shortcomings in the war, he says, "Were I an Englishman, I should be little encouraged by this retrospect to consent to a continuance of the Income-tax, but an Irishman has still less reason to assent to its longer endurance. With characteristic generosity, Ireland forgot all her past wrongs and sufferings, when appealed to by the nation which had caused those sufferings, for aid in this struggle, and lavished her blood and treasure in contending against a people who never inflicted upon her the slightest injury. In this struggle Irishmen displayed their accustomed valour; but not to Ireland belong the glory and the fruit of such sacrifices. It is a disgraceful act perpetrated by an Irishman, his country bears all the opprobrium of the deed. If, on the contrary, he perform an honourable achievement, his exploits are heralded as the performance of Anglo-Saxon energy."

SCOTLAND.

A PRESENT TO ROYALTY.—Some time ago a lady of Dunfermline sent a present to her Majesty—a cushion embroidered with needlework and marine shells. The shells were of the smallest description—as minute as the oval hemispheres shelled from canary seed, and elaborately wrought up into flowers and other natural figures. It was altogether a tasteful and artistic piece of finger work. After a very long interval, a letter arrived from London, graciously acknowledging the receipt, and requesting another specimen of Miss M.—'s needlework.

KOSSUTH AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.—In company with his Aide-de-camp, Kossuth recently proceeded to St. Michael's Churchyard, where, amid "crowded obelisks and urns," rises the sculptured shrine of Robert Burns. Mr. Kossuth entered into the mausoleum with an absorbed and reverent manner, and looked long and sadly at the figures of the ploughman poet and of Colia, and then earnestly conversed with his Hungarian companion in the Magyar tongue.

DEATH OF A HEROINE.—Mrs. Reston, better known as "the heroine of Matagorda," died in the Glasgow Town's Hospital last week. She was with her husband, a sergeant in the 94th, when the French bombarded Matagorda, in 1810. During the bombardment, she actively assisted the surgeon in relieving the wounded, and tore up her own linen and the linen of her husband to provide bandages. During the hottest of the fire, a drummer boy was directed to go for water for use in the hospital; and Mrs. Reston, seeing that the poor lad feared to face the tremendous shower of shot and shell, took the bucket from him, and ran to the well herself. While there the rope for drawing the water gave way, but nothing daunted, Mrs. Reston obtained assistance, and succeeded in accomplishing her errand. When Mrs. Reston returned to this country, she was received into the Town's Hospital, in a state of destitution, on the death of her husband. A public subscription was, however, set on foot, and a fund raised for her, by which the latter part of her life was rendered comfortable. Although she was thus enabled to support herself, she had become so accustomed to live in the hospital that she resolved to remain, and pay a fair amount for her board. Of course her wish was gratified, and after independently paying her way, she had a yearly surplus, which she regularly applied to charitable and benevolent purposes.

THE FRANCHISE.—A meeting in support of extending the Scotch franchise, was recently held at Edinburgh. Dr. Begg, the leader of the movement, was present, and he was supported in his arguments by Bailie Blackadder, Councilor Gorrie, Mr. D. McLaren, and other leading citizens. The meeting unanimously affirmed, as a principle, that a man should be as easily found by the State when rights are to be enjoyed as when burdens are to be borne.

THE PROVINCES.

A YORKSHIRE AMAZON.—Some burglars having attempted, on several occasions, to enter the house of Mr. Blamires, Cross Lane, near Bradford, his daughter, with whom he lived alone, adopted means for giving the burglars an unexpected reception. On Saturday week, instead of going to bed, she remained up, to see whether another attack might be made. She had placed in the front parlour a small crowbar, about a yard in length, to be used in case of attack. Presently she was startled by an ominous sound, and, on opening the parlour door, saw a man with his head and shoulders through the small window. In no way alarmed, she proceeded methodically to work. First having lighted the gas, she seized the crowbar and dealt the burglar, who seemed fast held in the narrow window, several severe blows on the head. As he roared in agony, one of his accomplices outside cried out, "Hit her with the bludgeon, Jack." But Jack was unable to do this; and when drawn away by his accomplice, it was pretty certain that his skull must have been considerably injured. The burglars, however, escaped. Outside the window two pieces of iron were found, one of them eight inches in length, but thickly hooped at one end to give deadly blows when wielded from the smaller end; the other bar was a yard and a quarter in length.

WRECK OF THE BRIG ST. LAWRENCE.—LOSS OF LIFE.—The brig St. Lawrence went on shore a little to the north of the Hough Lighthouse, at Hartlepool, on Friday week. Her perilous situation being soon discovered, a number of the coast-guard officers were present on the moor with the rocket apparatus for saving life, when several rockets were fired at intervals, with lines attached. The first fell short of the vessel, and the others, which fell across her, were from some cause unavailable. As the tide rose, the vessel fell over, her broadside to the sea, and soon broke in twain. The crew were clinging to the bowsprit, and their cries for help were most heartrending, the sea making complete breaches over them. Owing to the vessel being on the rocks, it was not prudent for the lifeboats to venture near. At about two A.M. a wave struck the wreck. Another loud cry from the crew was heard, and all was over—the whole of them (supposed to be nine or ten in number), perished.

GRAT SNOWSTORM ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.—The moors of Yorkshire have been visited by one of the most severe storms of wind and snow experienced in that locality for a very long period. The storm set in on Christmas night with severe frost and a heavy downfall of snow. In the neighbourhood of Skipton its effects are very disastrous, and they have been experienced with more or less severity throughout the whole of the Craven district, in which the farmers have sustained serious losses. The high prevailing wind drove the snow like an avalanche before it, and the sheep have had to be dug from drifts three and four yards in depth. One farmer, who had nearly 500 sheep out, has scarcely recovered a tithe of them alive; on Constone Moor thirty sheep were taken out dead from one of the drifts; on Embay Moor nine were found huddled together in a similar hole; on Cracoe Fell a large number were either smothered in the snowdrifts or frozen to death; indeed, throughout the whole neighbourhood, similar disastrous losses have been experienced by the farmers.

ALLEGED ABDUCTION OF A GOVERNESS.—A curious case of alleged abduction came before a jury at Bath lately. It appeared from the evidence that a Mlle. Koch was engaged by the Rev. Mr. Yescombe, as governess, her engagement being an annual one. Mr. John Roche and his family (he is a married man) visited at Mr. Yescombe's house, and it was presently observed that he paid marked attention to Mlle. Koch. Mrs. Yescombe courteously remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his conduct, and requested him not to give any further cause for complaint. Mr. Roche then pledged himself to desist from paying Mlle. Koch any further attentions, but within three or four days Mr. Yescombe was surprised to find him in the schoolroom of his house with the governess. Mr. Yescombe at once showed Mr. Roche the door. Mr. Roche, however, continued to call at the back door, and to inquire for Mlle. Koch, and towards the latter end of September he paid a visit to the house, and meeting Mr. Yescombe, held out his hand. Mr. Yescombe instead of shaking it pointed to the door, and desired Mr. Roche to leave, telling him he was a rascal. Mr. Roche again confessed himself in error, and pledged his word and honour as a gentleman never to have any intercourse or communication with the governess again, nor to come into the plaintiff's house unless he was invited. These promises were accepted by the plaintiff and his wife, who further consented to Mr. Roche being present at a party they were about to give that evening, as he stated that his absence might lead to remarks, and that as he and his family were going into Wales in a few days there would be no further disturbances on the subject. On the following day Mr. Roche called uninvited, and made the extraordinary proposal to Mrs. Yescombe to allow Mlle. Koch to walk with him in the park. She positively refused the proposition. Mr. Roche then went to Wales for a short time, but on his return continuing his importunities, Mrs. Yescombe wrote on the 24th of November to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Madox, stating all that had passed, and soliciting her interference. Mrs. Madox replied, stating that she had consigned Mrs. Yescombe's note to her daughter (Mrs. Roche), "who was better acquainted with the important subject upon which it treated." A long correspondence ensued, in which Mr. Roche and Mrs. Madox denied the charges made by Mr. and Mrs. Yescombe. On the 6th of December, Mr. Roche went to the Bath Police Station and laid a complaint that Mlle. Koch was unlawfully detained at Mr. Yescombe's house, and he and Mrs. Roche accompanied one of the inspectors there, who, after seeing the governess, and being satisfied that she was not detained against her will, withdrew. Mr. and Mrs. Roche, however, remained and prevailed on Mlle. Koch to leave the house with them, without any bonnet or shawl, but some time after she returned, wearing those of Mrs. Roche. Finally, Mlle. Koch left Mr. Yescombe's service, and had ever since remained at the house of Mr. Roche, where Mrs. Madox also lived, and for the damages sustained by the loss of her services the action was brought against her. The case was adjourned. Mr. Walter Savage Landor was subpoenaed on behalf of the defendants; but, in a very characteristic letter, he begged to be excused, declaring that he could not understand the charges against Mr. Roche, and that, with his great age and his infirmities, he had long been unable to endure a crowded room.

MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF ISAAC WALTON.—A subscription is now on foot for the purpose of restoring the monument of "good Isaac Walton" in Winchester Cathedral. It is proposed to restore the original epitaph, and place a portrait monument in marble, of life-size, above the tomb, the entire cost of which will be about a hundred guineas. The Dean and Chapter of Winchester have kindly consented to remit their fees on the occasion.

THE BURGLARY NEAR SHEFFIELD.—Two men, Dickinson and Gleadhall, are in custody on suspicion of being concerned in the burglary at the residence of Mr. W. Bradley, Manor Oaks, near Sheffield. The particulars of the case were given in the "Illustrated Times" of December 13. Mr. Bradley positively identified Gleadhall, and, though persuaded that Dickinson was another of the party, he would not swear to him. A servant girl, however, positively spoke to his identity. The prisoners were remanded.

THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE SYSTEM.—Mr. Recorder Hill strongly condemned the ticket-of-leave system recently at Birmingham. He said:—"Ages ago this island was infested with wolves—a dire calamity, as all conversant with the history of those times well know. What should we have thought of our ancestors, if, after giving a reward for each wolf captured, they had, when a certain number of months or years had elapsed, opened their dens and restored them to liberty? And yet I am sure you will feel that, as between wolves and burglars, the latter are by far the more dangerous beasts of prey."

DUNDONALD ON THE BALTIC CAMPAIGN.

LORD DUNDONALD has come forward with his testimony as to the conduct of our Admirals in the late Baltic campaign. He says:—

"The honourable testimony officially given by the First Minister of the Crown in regard to the conduct of a late Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's naval forces in the Baltic, having been subjected to severe non-professional criticism, I feel it a duty to the Crown and to our country, as a naval officer, to submit the following observations to the judgment of the whole naval profession."

"Admirals, as enterprising and brave as any whose deeds are recorded in history, were employed during the long war between 1793 and 1815; yet hostile fleets were passively blockaded by superior force in bays and roadsteads, having wider entrances, deeper water, and more numerous anchorages, less effectually protected by forts and batteries than those of Cronstadt;—nevertheless, there is not one instance of an enemy's fleet having been destroyed or even assailed in such positions under the more favourable circumstances."

"The attack on Algiers, garrisoned by inexperienced barbarians, is not a case in point; neither was the capture of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen, previous to a declaration of war, nor the naval action in the Bay of St. Domingo (all provided with the means of offence), nor the battle of the Nile, any proof of the practicability of combustible ships successfully contending with red-hot shot. No, nor did the practicable success at Basque Roads induce even the most sanguine officer there present to anticipate greater good fortune than to escape without material damage from the batteries of Aix, whilst running through a channel half a league in width into an anchorage nearly three leagues in circumference, on the distant side of which the enemy's squadron (driven on shore by fire vessels) lay in a helpless condition."

"Great blame has been imputed by self-constituted naval critics to the disclosure made of the inefficient state of the crews of the Baltic fleet; but I respectfully submit to the judgment of my brother officers, whether the fact ought not to be pressed on public attention, with a view to the safety of our country by promoting an unanimous call for a recurrence to our former truly judicious navigation laws thoughtlessly abolished."

"Better would it have been had the legislature indemnified influential corporations, and the suffering shipping interest, out of the public purse, and by the remission of taxes on timber, hemp, and on all that is used in ship-building and navigation, than to have lowered the pay of our gallant tars to a parity with that of continental navigators, who (with their families) can subsist on the most costless food—on stock fish and train oil."

"Having thus publicly requested a verdict from my brother officers, I deem it proper to express my own opinion, namely, that red-hot shot, from half a hundred cannon directed at the bows of ships advancing through a narrow channel, independent of carcasses and shells showered from a thousand artillery around—would, in a few minutes, destroy any number of vessels."

"It is true that means of setting these hitherto formidable methods of defence at defiance have been communicated at various times to Government—but it is equally true that these important means have failed to obtain impartial consideration by minus pre-occupied by party or political objects, pressed by powerful influence—such as produced the expatriation of our unrepentant seamen, and thus caused the vital interests of our country to be overlooked. Thirty-three noble ships of the Spanish line have I seen under weigh. Their naval power is now no more. Yet the causes of its downfall were not so manifest as those which threaten our naval service, and, consequently, our national independence."

THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA.

AN AUTUMN CAMPAIGN IN KABYLIA, 1856.

SINCE the occupation of Algeria by the French, numerous successful expeditions have been undertaken against the Kabyles, and some of the first soldiers of France have won celebrity in that exciting warfare. The names of Bosquet and Pelissier were intimately associated with these expeditions long ere they became known to fame in connection with the Crimean war and the siege of Sebastopol.

The latest campaign of this kind took place in the autumn of last year, and lasted for six weeks. During that time there were many sanguinary encounters, and the French troops penetrated into the very heart of Kabylia, driving all before them, and striking terror among the warlike Kabyles, who have always supposed their country impregnable. The object of this expedition was not only to strengthen the position of the French, but to show that Algeria was, notwithstanding the large detachments of troops she had sent to operate with the army before Sebastopol, prepared to meet any casualty, and, if necessary, to undertake the most difficult operations.

It appears that in the campaign of 1854 the whole of the right bank of Sebaou was subjected, all supplies cut off from the enemy, the French power firmly established, and the communication between Bougie and Algiers opened by way of Dellys and Ksar-Kbouch. This, in a commercial point of view, proved immensely advantageous to Kabylia.

Nevertheless, from the commencement of 1856 the Kabyles of the Djurdjura again took up arms, and endeavoured to disturb the authority of the French on the borders of their territory by urging the subjected tribes to revolt. To their intrigues may be attributed the troubles which arose in the valley of the Sebaou, and which compelled the French to send out a column of troops at once to protect their settlement at Tiziou-zou, and to prevent the insurrection from spreading among the tribes beyond.

The same thing occurred in the neighbourhood of Dra-el-Mizan. There the enemy fell in with a contingent, gave them battle, and drove them from the field. They then continued to advance, led by Si-el Hadj-Ahmar, a wealthy Mahometan priest, who, by compulsion, money, or persuasion, succeeded in inducing the various tribes to march against the French. This they did as far as Dra-el-Mizan.

On learning what was going on, Marshal Randon hastened to send troops to the spot. His orders were immediately acted upon, and on the 1st of September a squadron of Chasseurs d'Afrique arrived at Dra-el-Mizan, and on the following day they were joined by a battalion of the 45th Regiment of the Line. At this moment intelligence had been received that El-Hadj-Ahmar, followed by a numerous contingent, was advancing to attack them.

About seven o'clock in the morning a discharge of musketry was opened against the French; and the enemy, after having attacked the peak of Fachentirt, were precipitating themselves on the settlement of Tiziou-zou, Commander Beaupre gave orders to charge. The squadron of Chasseurs and the battalion of the 45th Regiment rushed upon the Kabyles, drove them from the ground, and took possession of the Peak of Fachentirt. This daring and vigorous attack put the enemy to flight. They left 50 killed, 100 wounded, and 200 guns on the field, the French loss amounting only to two men wounded and two horses killed.

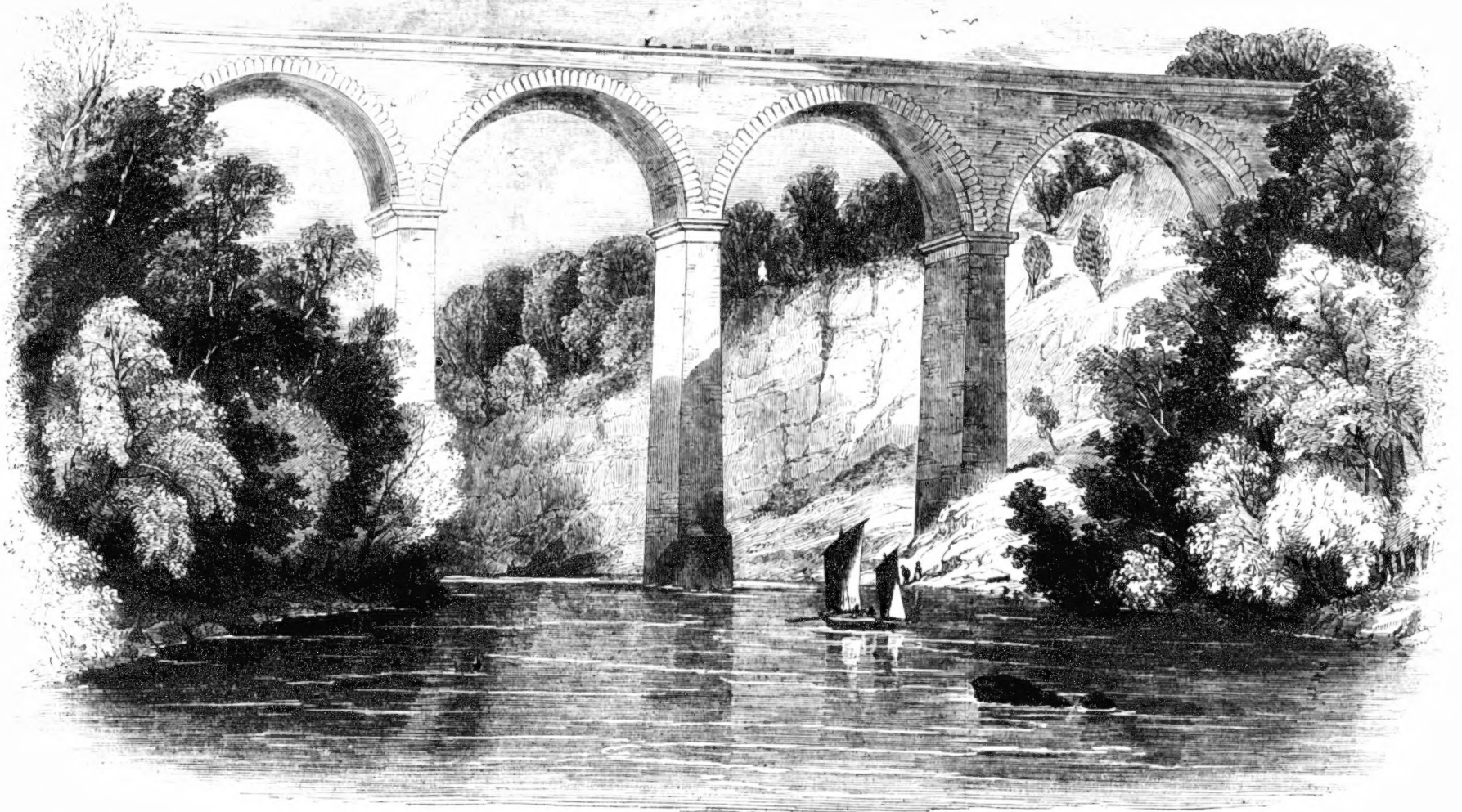
When the fight was drawing to a close, General Gastu arrived with reinforcements, and next day proceeded to Boghizi with two battalions and three squadrons. While the General was taking up his position, a party from the ranks of the enemy, thinking they would only have to encounter a handful of troops in Dra-el-Mizan, again renewed the attack. Colonel Bataille, who bivouacked a few miles distant, marched against them at the head of two battalions of Arab tirailleurs, two battalions of the 45th Regiment, and three companies of Chasseurs-à-Pied. The enemy were speedily compelled to beat a hasty retreat, leaving 40 dead upon the field.

This last campaign at Kabylia has been equally successful as preceding ones, as regards feats of arms. The defeats sustained by the Kabyles on the 2nd and 4th of September do not appear to have convinced them of the uselessness of making war against the French. The most important of the tribes in the neighbourhood of Dra-el-Mizan is the Gurentoula, composed of seven distinct tribes—the Frickats, the Beni-Smail, the Beni-Koufi, the Beni-bou Ghedane, the Beni-bou-Addou, the Beni-Mendes, and the Zghil-on-Moula. Having secured Dra-el-Mizan against attack, General Jusuf set out to take up his position in the neighbourhood of the Frickats. His column was composed of two battalions of Infantry, one battalion of Zouaves, a battalion of the 45th Regiment, and a squadron of the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique. In spite of the efforts of the Kabyles, and the difficulties of the ground, they speedily gained the summits of the mountains which separate the Frickat from the Beni-Smail, arriving at the bivouac of Beira-M'ta-Allel about three o'clock. General Gastu arrived at the foot of the Frickat in an opposite direction. At nightfall on the 11th of September, the camp of the Chasseurs-à-Pied was attacked d from the front, but the Kabyles were driven back with considerable loss. Our illustration, which is from a sketch by Commander Ameller, of the Zouaves, shows the position of the French, and the attack as made by the Arabs.

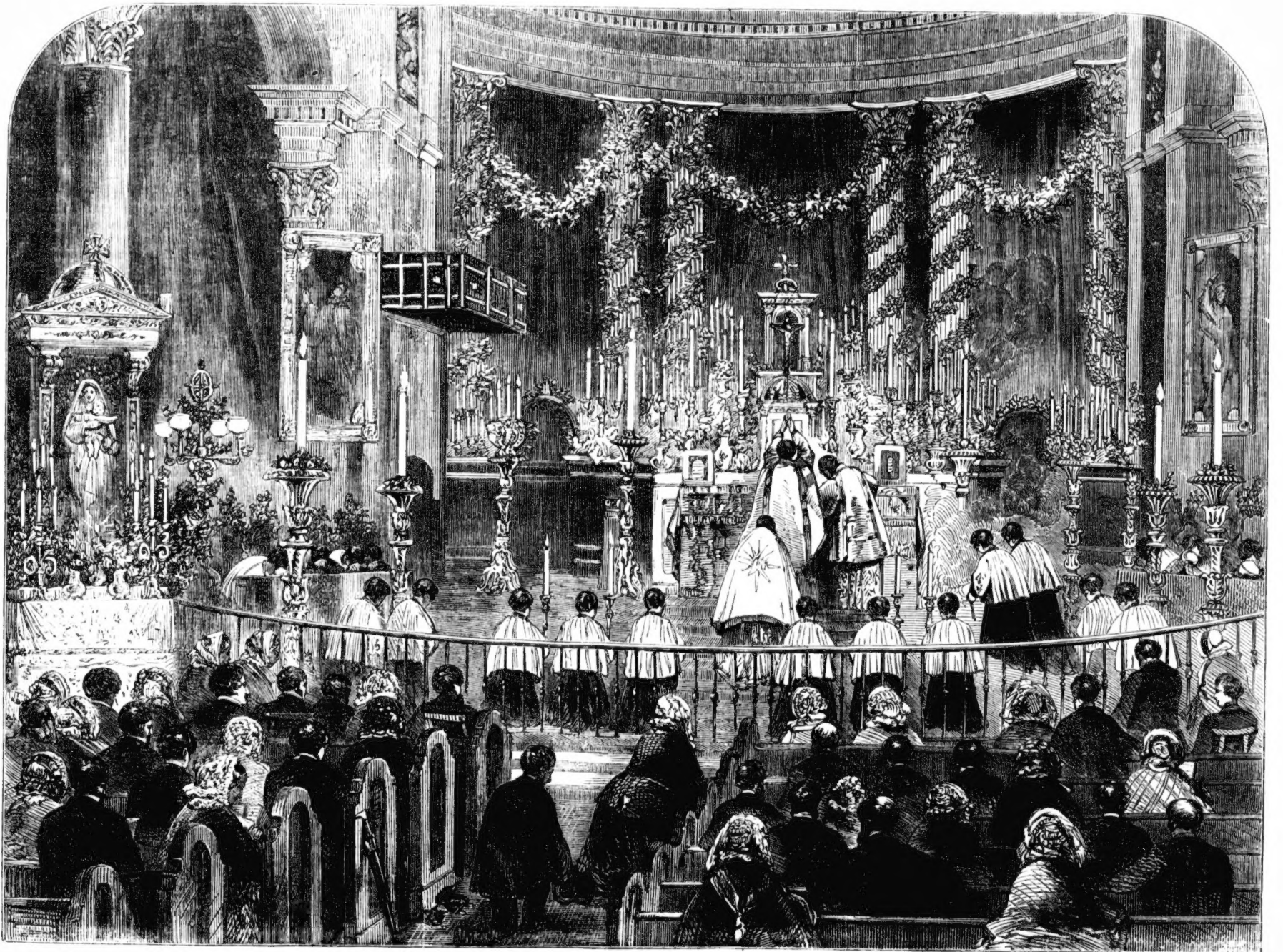
M. ZIEGLER, historical painter, has just expired in Paris. Amongst other works, the deceased painted the altar-piece of the *Madeleine*.



THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA: ATTACK BY THE KABYLES ON THE CAMP OF THE CHASSEURS ALPES.



BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER WEAR ON THE DURHAM AND BISHOP-AUCKLAND BRANCH OF THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.



MIDNIGHT MASS ON CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL, MOORFIELDS.

NEW RAILWAY BRIDGE ACROSS THE WEAR.

THE magnificent structure represented in our engraving on the previous page, is one of the five very fine new bridges recently built on the Durham and Bishop-Auckland branch of the North-Eastern Railway, which was announced to be opened for public traffic on the 1st instant. This bridge is remarkable for its great height (126 feet), being eight feet above the high level bridge at Newcastle, and is, we understand, only inferior in altitude to three other railway bridges in the United Kingdom.

The bridge is hardly less remarkable for its situation among the beautiful scenery presented on the banks of the Wear. This river, the whole course of which is estimated at sixty-five miles, takes its rise near Killhope Law, and flows through the wild and picturesque district of Weardale, bounded on each side by high hills. After forming a junction with the Bedburn, the Wear flows on to Bishop-Auckland. At that borough town the river turns to the north-east, and pursues a very winding course, past Durham and Chester-le-Street, into the German Ocean at Sunderland.

Up to Durham the Wear is navigable; and it is near that ancient and renowned city, which suggests so many reminiscences of the past, that the stream is spanned by that splendid structure which forms the subject of our illustration, and which indicates so unmistakably the industry and civilization of the present.

MIDNIGHT MASS AT ST. MARY'S, MOORFIELDS.

THE ceremony of the Mass is always imposing, but never so striking as when performed at that hour which, whether by association, or tradition, or what not, is still invested with a certain degree of solemnity—the hour of midnight. The Church of Rome, which knows so well how to give force and effect to her ritual, prescribes, or rather permits, the celebration of Mass at midnight on Christmas Eve. The origin of the custom is the tradition mentioned by St. Jerome—that the Divine Saviour of the world was born at midnight. The celebration of the "divine mysteries" at that hour has therefore a peculiar meaning; since, according to Catholic belief, the same Redeemer is there rendered present who first appeared to the eyes of men in the stable at Bethlehem.

On this festival alone, of the whole year, are the clergy of the Church of Rome allowed to celebrate three Masses, which are respectively called "De Nocte," "In Aurora," and "In die Nativitatis Domini"—a practice mentioned in one of his Christmas homilies by St. Gregory the Great, as a reason why his discourse on the Gospel of the first part of these masses is unusually short. In the Prayer Book of the Church of England the communion service bears traces of the ancient practice—the Epistle, Gospel, and Collect being nearly those of the third mass. We may add, that, in Catholic countries, Christmas night is kept with a religious feeling, which contrasts not a little with the riotous festivity common amongst us on the same occasion.

METROPOLITAN DRAINAGE.—Three gentlemen have been selected to report on the various schemes for the purification of the Thames. The first is Captain Douglas Galt, of the Royal Engineers. The second is Mr. Simpson, of Great George Street, the well-known engineer to the Chelsea Waterworks Company, and President of the Institute of Civil Engineers. Mr. Simpson is at the present time conducting the drainage of Stockholm, a work of even greater difficulty than draining this metropolis. The third, Mr. Thomas E. Blackwell, of Clifton, although not much known in the metropolis, has a high provincial reputation as a civil engineer of some twenty-five years' standing.

THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK.—THE DIVIDEND.—The sudden manner in which the meeting for the declaration of the long-looked-for dividend under the bankruptcy distribution of this estate took place, after the decision of the Lords Justices confirming the judgment of the Vice-Chancellor Kindersley, caused considerable disappointment amongst a large body of creditors, who, having only proved their debts before the official manager, and not having taken the double precaution of proving in bankruptcy, were deprived of the right of participating in the first dividend; and to that fact, no doubt, is to be attributed a dividend of 5s. 6d. in the pound on the debts proved in bankruptcy, amounting to about £350,000, whereas the debts proved before Mr. Harding, the official manager, amounted to about £500,000. Since the declaration of the dividend, those creditors who had failed to prove in bankruptcy have done so in shoals, but, unfortunately, too late for them to receive the benefit of the first dividend. Their proofs will be entered on the proceedings, and at the next dividend meeting they will be entitled to be paid the amount of the first dividend of 5s. 6d. before the second is declared. The list of shareholders liable to contribute to the liabilities is divided into two classes—A and B. Class A consists of 123 names, those of persons holding 1,000 shares, and who were holders of shares under the original charter. Class B consists of 234 names for 2,000 shares, holding shares under the supplemental charter, making 347 shareholders liable to contribute towards the debts and liabilities upon 3,000 shares. In class A 104 names have been settled on the list holding 812 shares, and in class B 86 names holding 672 shares—giving a total of 190 names settled on for 1,484 shares.

THE NEW LIBRARY AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The process of painting the interior of the new reading-room at the British Museum has at length been completed, and the scaffolding removed. There are twenty panels in the ceiling, each of which is painted in light blue, the decoration of the intervening girders being executed in gold, which has also been liberally employed in ornamenting the cornices and other accessories. The effect is satisfactory, the colours being brilliant in themselves, and from their lightness investing the vast dome with an appearance of grace and airiness which could hardly have been expected.

CHILD-MURDER.—A little child, eleven months old, has been murdered by its grandmother, at Wing, Buckinghamshire. Since her husband's death she has been living with her son; but lately had been spending a few weeks with a married daughter. On Tuesday, however, she went back to her son's house, and taking a razor from her pocket, told his wife that she was "come to kill them all." The razor was wrested from her; and she then went back to her daughter's house, snatched up a knife, and cut the throat of the infant who was sleeping in a cradle.

LORD PANMURE was entertained at a public banquet at Arbroath, on Tuesday. A more detailed report of this event will be found in our next number.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' SCHOOL DINNER.—The annual dinner of the Commercial Travellers took place on Saturday night, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, the chair being occupied by Sir B. Lytton Bulwer, Bart., M.P. The attendance was much more numerous than on any previous occasion, and comprised representatives of many of the leading mercantile establishments of the metropolis, and of the manufacturing firms of the country. Sir E. Lytton made one of his most successful speeches. He endeavoured to point out the urgent necessity of taking care of those who were useful members of society, while so much was said about attending to those who were not.

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.—The Bishop of London consecrated a church at St. Pancras on Tuesday week. Just after his arrival a person appeared at the southern door, attired in the garb of a clergyman, but not having the required ticket, his name was requested. He announced his name as the Rev. Mr. Blackthorn, of Sydenham, and was immediately shown to the spot appropriated to his "clerical brethren." He had scarcely, however, taken his seat, when the "Rev. Gentleman" was recognised by several detectives, who were present in plain clothes, as a well-known member of the swell mob. Finding himself observed, the "Rev. Gentleman" retreated into a back seat, and took an early opportunity of escaping.

POISONED BY MISTAKE.—Mr. Marcolly, tailor and draper, of Brompton, sent on Saturday to a neighbouring chemist's for an ounce of castor oil. His shopboy took a bottle which had been washed out for the purpose. On his return, Mr. Marcolly mixed what was supposed to be the castor oil in some brandy, and drank it, when he was suddenly seized with spasms, and died half an hour afterwards. On a post-mortem examination of the body, it was found that the deceased had taken essential oil of almonds, which must have been given in mistake for the castor oil. At the inquest (which has been adjourned), the question was, whether the mistake had arisen at Mr. Budd's, the chemist's, or with the deceased. Mr. Marcolly's servant positively states that she washed the phial out before giving it to the boy, and that it previously contained a draught. The boy declared that Mr. Budd's assistant, while serving him, carried two bottles, a white and a red one, to the place where the prescriptions are made up, and that he (the assistant) went to the cupboard where the poisons are kept, though he had not seen him take anything out of the cupboard. The bottle containing prussic acid, and kept in this cupboard, was produced; it was not quite full, but short of two drachms. Mr. Budd, who said that he always filled this bottle himself, could not account for the deficiency of the two drachms, which is the quantity supposed to have been taken by the deceased. Mr. Budd's books were produced, and three additional suspicion on the case. There was an entry on Saturday morning of "Castor oil, 3d." followed by "Prescription, 1s. 6d." This prescription was handed to the coroner, who said that it contained hydrocyanic acid. The coroner cautioned the assistant to obtain legal assistance on the next examination.

THE SECRETARY OF THE NEWCASTLE FOREIGN AFFAIRS COMMITTEE having written to the Earl of Clarendon requesting information as to the British expedition to Persia, his Lordship very properly declines to communicate with the Newcastle Committee for Investigating Foreign Affairs on matters affecting the foreign relations of this country.

DEATH OF MR. HUGH MILLER.

MR. HUGH MILLER was on the morning of Wednesday week found dead on the threshold of his bed-room, in his house at Portobello. He was shot through the heart with a pistol-ball. No explosion was heard during the night, and it was not till morning that the occurrence was known, when the body was found lying near the bath-room. His character precluded the idea of premeditated suicide; and the testimony of the medical witnesses shows that overwork had broken down his brain. "The cause of death," says Professor Miller, and some other medical men, who made the post-mortem examination, "we found to be a pistol-shot through the left side of the chest, and thus, we are satisfied, was inflicted by his own hand. From the diseased appearances found in the brain, taken in connection with the history of the case, we have no doubt that the act was suicidal, under the impulse of insanity."

The following few lines to his wife, found written on a folio sheet lying on the table beside his corpse, give painful evidence of the intensity of the disease—"Dearest Lydia,—My brain burns. I must have walked; and a fearful dream arises upon me. I cannot bear the horrible thought. God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon me. Dearest Lydia, dear children, farewell. My brain burns as the recollection grows. My dear, dear wife, farewell."

"For some months past," states the "Witness" (of which Mr. Miller was editor) "his overtasked intellect had given evidence of disorder. He became the prey of false or exaggerated alarms. He fancied—if, indeed, it was a fancy—that occasionally, and for brief intervals, his faculties quite failed him, that his mind broke down. He was engaged at this time with a treatise on the 'Testimony of the Rocks,' upon which he was putting out all his strength, working his utmost pitch of intensity. But he wrought at it too eagerly. Hours after midnight the light was seen to glimmer through the window of that room which, within the same eventful week, was to witness the close of the volume and the close of the writer's life. This overworking of the brain began to tell upon his mental health. He had always been somewhat moodily apprehensive of being attacked by footpads, and had carried loaded fire-arms about his person. Lately, having occasion sometimes to return to Portobello from Edinburgh at unreasonable hours, he had furnished himself with a revolver. But now, to all his old fears as to attacks upon his person, there was added an exciting and overmastering impression that his house, and especially that museum, the fruit of so much care, which was contained in a separate out-building, were exposed to the assault of burglars. He read all the recent stories of house robberies. He believed that one night lately an actual attempt to break in upon his museum had been made. Visions of ticket-of-leave men prowling about his premises haunted him by day and night. The revolver which lay nightly near him was not enough; a bro-d-bladed dagger was kept beside it, while behind him, at his bed head, a claymore stood ready at hand. A week or so ago, a new and more aggravated feature of cerebral disorder showed itself in sudden and singular sensations in his head. They came on only after lengthened intervals. They did not last long, but were intensely violent. The terrible idea that his brain was deeply and hopelessly diseased, that his mind was on the verge of ruin, took hold of him."

Up to Monday week it appears that he had spoken to no one of the mental paroxysms. On that day he called on Dr. Balfour in Portobello. "On my asking," says Dr. Balfour, "what was the matter with him, he replied: 'My brain is giving way. I cannot put two thoughts together to-day. I have had a dreadful night of it. I cannot face another such. I was impressed with the idea that my museum was attacked by robbers, and that I had got up, put on my clothes, and gone out with a loaded pistol to shoot them. Immediately after that I became unconscious. How long that continued I cannot say; but when I awoke in the morning I was trembling all over, and quite confused in my brain. So thoroughly convinced was I that I must have been out through the night, that I examined my trousers, to see if they were wet or covered with mud, but could find none.'"

The next day (Tuesday) a consultation was held between Dr. Balfour and Professor Miller, the result of which the latter thus communicates:—

"We examined his chest, and found that unusually well; but soon we discovered that it was head symptoms that made him uneasy. He acknowledged having been night after night up till very late in the morning, working hard and continuously at his new book, 'which,' with much satisfaction, he said, 'I have finished this day.' We were sensible that his head had suffered in consequence, as evidenced in two ways—first, occasionally he felt as if a very fine point had been suddenly passed through and through his brain. The pain was intense and momentarily followed by confusion and giddiness, and the sense of being 'very drunk,' unable to stand or walk. He thought that a period of unconsciousness must have followed this, a kind of swoon, but he had never fallen. Second, what annoyed him most, however, was a kind of nightmare, which for some nights past had rendered sleep most miserable. It was no dream, he said, he saw no distinct vision, and could remember nothing of what had passed accurately. It was a sense of vague and yet intense horror, with a conviction of being abroad in the night wind, and dragged through places as if by some invisible power. 'Last night,' he said, 'I felt as if I had been ridden by a witch for fifty miles, and rose far more wearied in mind and body than when I lay down.'"

"Suffice it to say," adds Professor Miller, "that we came to the conclusion that he was suffering from an over-worked mind, disordering his digestive organs, enervating his whole frame, and threatening serious head affection. We told him this, and enjoined absolute discontinuance of all work—bed at eleven—light supper (he had all his life made that a principal meal)—tinning the hair of the head—warm sponging-bath at bed time, &c. To all our commands he readily promised obedience. For fully an hour we talked together on these and other subjects, and I left him with no apprehensions of impending evil, and little doubting that a short time of rest and regimen would restore him to his wonted vigour."

Shortly afterwards (says the "Witness") the servant entered the dining-room to spread the table—

"She found Mr. Miller in the room alone. Another of the paroxysms was on him. His face was such a picture of horror that she shrank in terror from the sight. He flung himself on the sofa and buried his head upon the cushion. Again, however, the paroxysm passed, and left him in perfect health. The evening was spent quietly with his family. During tea he employed himself in reading aloud Cowper's 'Castaway,' the 'Sonnet on Mr. Unwin,' and one of his more playful pieces, for the special pleasure of his children. Having corrected some proofs of the forthcoming volume, he went upstairs to his study, and afterwards retired into his sleeping room—a small apartment opening out of his study. The horrible trance must have returned. All that can now be known of what followed is to be gathered from the facts, that next morning his body, half-dressed, was found lying lifeless on the floor, the feet upon the study rug, the chest pierced with the ball of the revolver pistol, which was found lying in the bath that stood close by. The bullet had perforated the left lung, grazed the heart, cut through the pulmonary artery at its root, and lodged in the rib in the right side. Death must have been instantaneous."

ACCIDENTAL DEATH CAUSED BY THE SAME PISTOL.

Another sad tragedy in connection with Mr. Miller's fate has to be disclosed. After the judicial and medical inquiry on Friday week Professor Miller took the pistol to the gunsmith from whom it had been purchased, in order to ascertain how many shots had been fired, and how many were still in the chamber. In the master's absence, the foreman, Thomas Leslie, an old and experienced workman, received the pistol from Professor Miller, and unfortunately, instead of taking off the chamber, he looked into the muzzle, holding the hammer with his fingers while he turned the chamber round to count the charges. The hammer slipped from his fingers, struck the cap, and the charge in the barrel exploded. Professor Miller, still standing outside the counter, exclaimed, "That's a narrow escape," but unhappily it was not so, for as the smoke cleared away he saw the poor man's head gradually droop and his body fall lifeless on the floor. The charge had entered his right eye and penetrated the brain.

OBITUARY.

PARIS, DR.—On the 24th ult., in Dover Street, aged seventy-one, died Dr. Paris, President of the Royal College of Physicians. He was born at Cambridge, in August, 1785, and commenced studying for his profession when only fourteen years of age. At twenty-two he was elected physician to the Westminster Hospital. Having practised for a few years at Penzance, in Cornwall, he finally settled in London, where he enjoyed a large practice for upwards of a quarter of a century. He was elected President of the College of Physicians in 1844. While at Penzance he rendered good service to the mining population, by his invention of the tampering-bar, an instrument by which they are enabled to pursue their work in the midst of inflammable gases, without danger of explosion. Dr. Paris was an elegant classical scholar; among other works he is favourably known to the reading world by his "Life of Sir Humphrey Davy."

BURNETT, MISS.—On the 18th ult., in Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square, died Miss Mary Anne Burnett, the last surviving descendant of the celebrated Gilbert Burnett, Lord Bishop of Salisbury, and author of the "History of his own Times."

NEW TRADE RETURNS.—The Trade and Navigation Returns, which have just been published, come down to the end of November, and include a sufficient period to demonstrate the unequalled commercial activity by which the departing year has been characterised. The declared value of articles of British produce exported in the month of November amounted to £10,272,000 as compared with £8,759,000 in the same month of 1855, and with £6,608,000 in that of 1854. The increase may, therefore, be roughly estimated at the ratio of 15 per cent. on last year, and at not less than 35 per cent. on the previous one. For the eleven months of the present year included in the return, the value of our exports reached the great amount of £105,845,000; while, during the corresponding periods in 1854 and 1855, the sums were £89,738,000 and £86,847,000 respectively. In the navigation returns the results are equally satisfactory, especially as regards the foreign trade, in which the amounts of tonnage entering inwards and clearing outwards in 1856, show a substantial increase on that of the previous year.

ANSWERS TO PICTORIAL CONUNDRUMS IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

1. Because he has a tail in the press.
2. Because you see he has a fancy for pitching into the crater.
3. Because it wants its T.
4. Because he isn't going to be bored.
5. Longfellow abridged.
6. A Pig-sty (pig's-sty).
7. Because it's a merry-can.
8. Because he's *Warren's Black-kings*.
9. Because they are ewers.
10. The Cork-Asian.
11. Because you can't pass her.
12. Because he's a Roman-off.
13. Cord-ay.
14. The former are pocket pictures, and the latter's picked your pockets.
15. Top-ham.
16. None worth speaking of.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1857.

DOMESTIC TOPICS.

THE "criminal" question still retains its activity. The other day we had a "ticket-of-leave" man discoursing in the "Times," with exquisite gravity, on the best way of employing his "order." With every respect for his undoubted experience on this subject, we fear it will be very difficult to employ convicts in home labour. Either the work chosen is remunerative or not. If it be, to give it to convicts is to interfere with the regular workman's market—a process tending to degrade labour and do moral injury to the public mind—besides its bad economical consequences. If it is not remunerative, it is a mockery altogether. You will never reform the corrigible prisoner by setting him at something which he knows to be sowing the seed. No. We must try and return to transportation, if it be at all possible. That system, while it lasted, did in some degree answer the ticket-of-leave intention well; it placed criminals where they had the social conditions under which reform was possible. These conditions they will never possess at home, where population is thick—where employment is hard to get—where life is complex, artificial, and fastidious. Why not buy an island—if we have not one fit for the purpose—from some foreign Power, and work it with convicts, as the ancients worked so many great places out with slaves? The State has an absolute right to dispose of criminals; and it would be better to sell them to Cuba than to let them loose on its own citizens! We shall be told that the State is not to undertake "business," but we must depart a little from old notions, to meet a great and growing modern difficulty. We were told years ago, by Mr. Carlyle, that the then fashionable "petting" system would not do; and now we find everybody admitting it. The truth is, that after all our enlightenment and the rest of it, we find that crime is crime still,—that the criminal of the nineteenth century is as dangerous as that of any other; and that in fact, if not in form, we have to deal as severely with him as they did ages ago.

Turning from this question, to perhaps the only domestic one now as much talked of—the "Income-tax" question—we have been a good deal amused this week, by an ingenious article in the "Economist." Our readers know that it is objected to this tax that it is not *morally fair*—that it presses harder on men who make an income out of severe intellectual labour, than on men who make an income out of fixed and real property. Well, this seems obvious enough. But the "Economist" kindly comes forward to break the force of this, and say a word in favour of the hard-pressed man who enjoys the "real stuff."

It tells us, reasonably enough, that "income is but one species of property," and that "the property of the capitalist and the landowner is merely a title to receive so much income." It then goes on to add, that as "consols" and "crops" fluctuate, and the amount required for the State fluctuates, it is "unjust" to "tax the income derived from real estate . . . in a greater ratio than the income derived from trade or salaries," &c.

Now, this comparison of the conditions of the two kinds of proprietors, or income-makers, does not meet the moral objections made above. Surely the fluctuations are not so great, to begin with, on the part of the fundholder's or landholder's annual property. But are the conditions the same? What is the comparative value of the purchase-money of the properties? An estate and a professional man's brain may be equally remunerative, but how stands each proprietor in point of the security of his tenure—in point of the power of exchanging his income for downright capital? And again, supposing them equally well off, ought not the question of the relative conditions of labour and suffering under which the incomes are made, to be taken into consideration by the taxing power? Property—in its form of real and fixed—surely enjoys sufficient superiority, political and social, to be able to afford some allowance to its less fortunate brother-property. As for the "Economist's" concluding remark, about the *want of respect for property* at present, we should be exceedingly glad to know, if it is not respected, what else is?

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. John Frost, the chartist, has announced his intention of becoming a candidate for the representation of Merthyr, at the next election.—The nomination of a candidate to represent Lanarkshire, in the room of the late Mr. Lockhart, is fixed for Monday the 5th of January.—Mr. William Biggs, Member for Newport, Isle of Wight, is, it is said, prepared to resign his seat; Mr. Charles Seeley, who sat for Lincoln in 1847, is spoken of as a candidate for the borough.—Lieut.-General Sir W. Codrington has commenced his canvass of the constituency of Greenwich, and his prospects seem extremely good.—Lord Henneker was on Friday returned for the Eastern Division of Suffolk, without opposition.—The representation of Rutshire has been declared vacant by the elevation of Mr. J. Stuart Wortley to the office of Solicitor-General, and a writ will be issued for the election of a Member immediately on the assembling of Parliament. Mr. Wortley has, in consequence, addressed the constituency, soliciting a renewal of that trust to which he has now been four times elected, and with which he has been honoured for fourteen years.—The election quarrel at Southampton increases in bitterness. Mr. Lankester, chairman of a meeting lately held on behalf of Mr. Weguelin, read a statement of a conversation with Lord Palmerston on at Broadlands, in which his Lordship declared that Mr. Andrews is totally unfit to be a Member of Parliament, and that his conduct is very repulsive in dividing the Liberal party. Mr. Andrews is said to have written to Lord Palmerston, inquiring whether he had really said so, and whether he gave Mr. Lankester permission to mention it in public.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST for a memorial to Sir H. Bishop, which records contributions to the amount of £176 from 359 contributors, was closed on the last day of 1856; and the committee will shortly meet to decide in what form or fashion of monument the sum will be best applied.

SIR GEORGE GREY having made inquiries respecting Lerigo (the young man who seized Marley) the murderer, and finding him to be a man of good character and intelligence, has appointed him to be the messenger at the Bow Street Police Court.

THE PATENT CARPET MANUFACTORY OF TEMPLETON AND CO., Glasgow, has been destroyed by fire.

THE "DOUGLAS ROOM" in Stirling Castle is being restored as nearly as possible in its original style.

A FASHIONABLY-DRESSED YOUNG LADY was recently seized at the Paris barriers, and under her crinoline, which was of ample dimensions, was found a gigantic turkey, tied by its head to her stays.

THE SUM expended on account of the Polish exiles by the country last year, was £5,092; in the previous year it was £4,575.

A CONTRACT has been signed between an eminent Parisian publisher and M. de Guérin, former editor of the "Pays," and now member of the Council of State, for the production of a work in six volumes, to be entitled "History of the Parliamentary Monarchy of France from 1815 to 1852." The sum to be paid to the writer is 13,500 francs or £510 the volume.

SIGNOR VERA'S OPERA, based on M. Scriba's tragedy of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," has been produced at Rome. The music has succeeded beyond expectation, the present taste of the Italians for violent species in music being taken into account.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA recently sent some fine porcelain vases to the Viceroy of Egypt; in return, said Viceroy is about to present four Arabian horses to the King, steeds of unrivalled beauty and excellence.

CHIEF CAYOR was, on the 22nd, presented, at Turin, with another gold medal, sent by the inhabitants of Como.

REASONS FOR A FURTHER SEARCH AFTER THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION were given by Dr. King and Lieut. Pen, last week, at the London "Mechanics' Institution." It was resolved by the meeting that there ought to be a further search in the track proposed by Dr. King and Lieut. Pen.

THE GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE AT PARIS to reduce the price of meat is a failure; wholesale meat is cheaper in Paris than in London, but in London the retail price is less than in Paris. A pretty illustration of the good effected by interference with the freedom of trade!

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS met with an accident, lately, at the Manchester Theatre, and the injuries he received have resulted in dyspepsia.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH SCHEME finds no favour with the "New York Times." According to that journal, it puts too much power into the hands of the British Government, and the two ends of the line where it touches the land are in British territory.

THE SUM of £376,500 was expended last year on account of public education in Great Britain.

THE BIG BELL, intended for the clock tower of the Houses of Parliament, is now exposed to view in Palace Yard.

A NEW JEWISH SINGER, Mademoiselle Ventaldi, is spoken of with great enthusiasm by the American press.

FOUR MORE MEETINGS against the income-tax are reported—one at Huddersfield, a second at Abwick, a third at North Shields, and a fourth at Shrewsbury. The Dublin Corporation have resolved to petition for the entire abolition of the tax.

EGGS to the number of 110,362,300 were imported in the eleven months ended the 30th ult., and all for "home consumption."

THE UNITED ASSOCIATION OF SCHOOLMASTERS held their third annual meeting at the offices of the Society of Arts, on Monday. The report was not over encouraging. Only 55 members of the whole 232 had paid their subscriptions for 1856; the meetings had not been well attended; and the balance-sheet showed a deficit of £28 6s. 8d.

HERB ZUMPT, a celebrated Prussian engraver, indeed one of the first in Germany, has just died at Berlin.

A SPANISH PERIODICAL exclusively devoted to the fine arts, has just been started at Paris.

A RUSSIAN UKASE has established a tax on the wax lights burnt by the Jews on their Sabbath. The proceeds are to be appropriated to the support of the Jewish schools.

THE LORD MAYOR will preside at a meeting in the Egyptian Hall, on Monday, the 5th of January, for the purpose of offering a testimonial of admiration and respect to Dr. Livingstone, the explorer of South Africa.

THE INSTALLATION OF SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, as Lord Rector of the Glasgow University, will take place on Thursday, the 15th of this month.

A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE has been opened at the Bendigo doggings.

SEVERAL ENGLISHMEN obtained prizes in the recent Photographic Exhibition at Brussels. We notice the names of White, Archer, Fenton, Geeting, Lyte, Taylor, and Sedgwick, among the recipients of medals, and those of Adcock and Cox are honourably mentioned.

THE RETAIL TRADE OF PARIS is very dull; numbers of persons are remaining in the provinces this Christmas, to avoid the tax of presents which prevails in the capital.

HORSE RACING is against the law in Boston, New York; so they call a race a "grand agricultural horse exhibition," and purses are called "premiums."

ROWING MARRIAGES have been largely on the increase lately, in anticipation of the coming in force of the new act.

THE EARL OF STAMFORD AND WARRINGTON has given a plot of land in Arundel Street, Mosely, near Stourbridge, for the site of a new building for a mechanics' institution.

MR. THACKERAY delivered the first of his four lectures on "The Georges," at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution on Tuesday.

THE WEATHER IN DENMARK is reported in letters from Copenhagen to be more like spring than winter.

A BOAT belonging to the Lyonnais, containing a chronometer, provisions, liquors, &c., was lately picked up by the Neptune, on her voyage to Liverpool. It appears to be the boat which broke loose from the steamer, and drifted away before the passengers could get into it.

LARGE QUANTITIES OF FOREIGN POULTRY are now imported duty free. In the last eleven months the value imported (dead value) was £32,895. In November alone as much as £5,253 was imported.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA has just purchased, for 5,000 thalers, Adolph Menzel's fine historical picture of "Frederick the Great and his Retainers attending Church in State," and the painting of M. de Bieffe, the Belgian artist, of "Alexander Farnese at the Siege of Antwerp." For the last-named work the King has paid 12,000 francs.

NO LESS THAN 1,800 SWISS RESIDENTS in Paris have, within the last few days, demanded passports to return to Switzerland.

THE NEW STATUE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, in the Piazza di Spagna, at Rome, is so little liked and venerated by the Romans, that a guard of soldiers is placed round it night and day for protection.

ALDERMAN LANGSDALE, of Liverpool, died on Monday last.

THE REV. MR. CAIRD, author of the celebrated sermon, "Religion in Common Life," is to receive £1,000 a year as minister of the new church at the west end of Glasgow, and he will only be expected to preach once each Sabbath.

THERE IS A TALK AT DRESDEN of an approaching visit of the Russian Grand Duke Constantine to Paris, on his return from Nice, to which place he is to conduct his wife on a visit to the Empress-Mother.

FOURTEEN NEW LIGHTHOUSES are to be erected without delay on the coast of Sicily.

ORDERS have been again given to the newspapers of the Austrian dominions to speak favourably of England on all occasions. It is hoped (in Austria) that the English press will respond, as the Government of Vienna wishes particularly to destroy that sympathy for Piedmont which her admirable and honest Government has created throughout Europe.

THE SHIPS WILLIAM HAMMOND and HAMILTON MITCHELL are to take out regiments as reliefs to the troops serving at Barbadoes, Trinidad, and St. Lucia, and return with them to England.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR has refused the application of Lieut.-General Sir R. England, commanding the division at the Curragh, to have the schoolrooms at the camp fitted up as a theatre, for the amusement of the troops during the winter months.

THE REV. R. HOWELL, vicar of St. Veep, near Lostwithiel, has, it is said, seceded to the Romish Church. This piece of information will probably prove of service to popular preachers; Howell, Veep, Lostwithiel afford an opportunity for the clerical joker not easily to be overlooked.

IN DEMOLISHING SOME VERY OLD FORTIFICATIONS, at Beziers, department of the Hérault, in France, a few days ago, some large statues, mutilated, some shafts of columns and inscriptions, and some Gothic paintings, were discovered. The paintings, strange to say, though buried for centuries, presented such remarkable vividness of colour that they seemed quite new.

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS.

Sakontala, or the Lost Ring—An Indian Drama, translated into English prose and verse, from the Sanskrit of Kālidāsa. By MONIER WILLIAMS, M.A. Hertford: Stephen Austin.

Rouman Anthology. A collection of the National Ballads of Moldavia and Wallachia. With an Appendix, containing translations of some of the Poems, Notes, &c. By the Hon. HENRY STANLEY. Hertford: Stephen Austin.

A MUMMY, a buried city, or any other preserved relic of a forgotten age and country, is a positive comfort to the current generation. It is so delightful to find that we have not "fallen off" to discover that we have the orthodox number of limbs; that we are of a reasonable stature; and that the people who had the advantage of being nearer the creation of mankind than ourselves, by two or three thousand years, differed in no material respect from us—in habits, passions or aspirations. It was a source of some delight to learn that the ancient Aztecs smoked cigarettes and took chocolate after dinner, and that the institutions of malt liquor and accommodation bills were not unknown to the early Egyptians (by the way, the Jews were the borrowers in those days, for we must allow for reasonable changes). Sporting public houses have been discovered in Pompeii, with "articles" drawn up on papyrus, in the most indifferent Latin, regulating the condition of events to come off between the Dacian darkey and the Herculeum slasher. Curling togs were evidently used by the Assyrians. The toilet of a Roman lady was not complete without hair pins and rouge. Altogether, it is pleasant to know that, in all ages, wherever men and women have formed themselves into a community, they erred and made fools of themselves on precisely the same principles as we do; and (which is even yet more exhilarating) as our descendants will continue to do after us, when we are all well out of this ridiculous scrape known as human existence.

Nevertheless, we admit, we were not prepared for the discovery that two thousand years ago, in the remote district of Northern India, there were gentlemen of Mr. Fitzball's profession—working dramatic authors, in fact, who stole their plots from the Chinese or Persians; had to "write up" to startling stage effects; quarrelled with the principal low-comedian about his part; and, probably, got called before the curtain, and secured favourable notices in the Sanskrit periodicals by treating the reporters to rice and bananas.

The publication of "Sakontala" assures us that such must have been the case. "Sakontala" is simply a good acting play, (standing in need, perhaps, of a judicious application of the pruning-knife,) that might have been written yesterday for the Princess's Theatre. It contains an admirable part for Charles Kean, King Dushyanta, a thorough gentleman and good fellow, with some excellent "lines" to speak, and abounding in startling situations. The sage, Kanwa, moreover is obviously written with an eye to Mr. Ryder. The only obstacle we see to a successful revival of the work on the English stage, is the utter impossibility of finding an actress, young, beautiful, and poetical enough to represent the heroine, Sakontala, who is a positive darling—a creation of feminine loveliness, quite worthy of Shak-pere, and almost too good for Tennyson. At any rate, she is fit to rank in that glorious gallery of female portraits in which Cleone, Fatima, and Godiva, are the most prominent subjects. There are two capital soubrettes, Priyavada and Anasaya, in which we can see Miss Carlotta Leclercq and Miss Fanny Terman fitted to perfection. The weak point in the play, is Mr. Harley's part, Mathavya, the Jester. His jokes are of the sorriest description, and his comic business deplorable. He reminds us of that representation of the Clown, in "Twelfth Night," who compelled Shakspeare to write (or, more probably, to introduce) that miserable song at the end of the play, in which Charles Knight and other commentators have laboured so hard to discover a meaning which remains persistently hidden.

To certain weak critical stomachs who require a constant change of poetry, just as certain dyspeptics require periodical change of air, even though they reside habitually at Venetian or Torbay—we cannot recommend a greater treat than "Sakontala." As a play, Maddison Morton might be ashamed of it. As a poem, Robert Browning might be proud of it. Here are four lines as a specimen. King Dushyanta falls in love with the heroine, whom he believes given up by her father to a monastic life. Thus Dushyanta moraliseth on the occasion:—

"The sage who would this form of artless grace
Inure to penance,—thoughtlessly attempts
To cleave in twain the hard ascetic's stem
With the soft edge of a blue lotus-leaf."

You see, reader, there were Keatses and Tennysons going about the world, long before either of us was thought of.

Here is another bit, which, albeit written in prose, is quite as poetical:—

"PRIYAVADA.

"Dear Sakontala, prithee, rest in that attitude one moment."

"SAKONTALA.

"Why so?"

"PRIYAVADA.

"The Kesara-tree, whilst your graceful form bends about its stem, appears as if it were wedded to some lovely twining creeper."

There is a rich appreciation of beauty throughout the work, above all a thorough admiration of female excellence, which most satisfactorily corroborates the theory that our German ancestors, the inventors of Woman Worship in Europe, were of Indian origin.

"Sakontala" is evidently the dramatic expression of a very high state of civilisation, unknown to us. In the first place, the prologue obviously appeals to a fastidious and blasé audience. It might have been written by Mr. Planché, but for one objection—it is a little too smart. An actress comes on and pronounces a high-flown benediction on the audience. The stage-manager makes his appearance, and (to adopt the London vernacular) "enacts her" for not being dressed in time. In the course of their badinage, the subject of the piece is explained. When the piece itself commences, we see King Dushyanta in a chariot hunting the antelope. Now, the chariot is described from time to time, as "going with great velocity," "standing still," and so forth. The action of a hunter's chariot at full speed is certainly a thing difficult of representation on the public stage, with dialogue between the occupants of the vehicle, continuously sustained. Yet among the stage directions of this two thousand years old play, we find such remarks as the following: "He drives the chariot with great velocity;" "He stops the chariot," &c. And from the thorough knowledge of stage resources evinced throughout, you feel certain that the writer of the play was merely working up to practical mechanical effects. There is one long scene between the King and his Charioteer, while they are supposed to be driving at full gallop. How could this be represented on a public stage? Does anybody remember, or rather, can anybody forget, Charles Mathews in the extravaganza of "Puss in Boots," wherein he pretended to be walking for a wager, while, in reality, it was the scene at his back that moved, and not himself? Fancy the existence of an Olympic Theatre two hundred years before the Christian Era, in Hindostan, with efficient scenic artist, machinist and property men! Such an institution most certainly existed, or "Sakontala" could never have been written.

In noticing this very ancient drama we have obeyed the orthodox laws by which a theatrical critic should always be guided. We have spoken of the author first. We have pronounced his production a decided success. We have only to regret that Kālidāsa has been dead two thousand years. Were he living now, a cheque for £250, bearing the honoured signature of Charles Kean, would infallibly be waiting for him. Had he not made that fearful mistake of dying two thousand years ago, the British public might still look forward to the production of a few more interesting plays—not adapted from the French.

And now, having given the author a portion of his due, let us say a word for the stage manager.

Sakontala is published at Hertford, and has been got up with a lavish disregard of expense by Mr. Stephen Austin, bookseller to the East India College. Candidly, without pleasantry or exaggeration, it is the most magnificent volume we ever remember to have seen. It is printed in imitation of the old illuminated manuscripts, the character of ornament being appropriately founded upon the Hindoo Temple school of decoration. Every page is surrounded by a border in gold and colours. There are illustrations as well as illuminations (observe the difference) in the book. It is no great slight to the former to say that they are inferior to the latter.

We have seen poems better illustrated, but have met with few more tastefully illuminated books among those emanating from the type press, the difficulties attending successful results from which are enormously great, when compared with specimens produced by the aid of lithography. The mere illustrations of the book, however, if they stood alone, would greatly enhance the value of a poem whose intrinsic merits are of the very highest character.

We have not yet alluded to the labours of Mr. Monier Williams, the translator. We have not the pleasure of understanding Sanskrit. But it is very certain that if Mr. Williams be not a faithful translator he is a very able poet. Whether the beautiful poetry we find in the English version of "Sakontala" owes its origin to Kālidāsa or to Mr. Williams, we leave Oriental scholars to decide. It is certainly very excellent in itself.

As a companion to the above volume, the same publisher issues a selection from the "Rouman Anthology"—collected, edited, annotated, and, in some instances, translated, by the Honourable Henry Stanley. The book is as handsomely got up as the Indian Drama, but, honestly, its contents are not so well worth the compliment. Moldavian and Wallachian poetry does not appear endowed with surpassing richness. The ballads themselves are easily read by anybody possessing a moderate share of school-boy Latin, and the book is interesting on archaeological grounds. The Honourable Henry Stanley has done his work well, and Mr. Stephen Austin, the publisher, aided by Mr. Sulman, the designer, and Mr. Humphreys, the illuminator, has done his work still better. But the ballads themselves are not good. We of the western north—who understand Burns, Béranger, and the Niebelungenlied—look for something higher, in the shape of a nation's ballad literature, than the Honourable Henry Stanley—with an unmistakable amount of patience, enthusiasm, and artistic feeling—has been able to collect in the Danubian provinces. We have not before met with Mr. Stanley's name, but we condole with him sincerely upon having expended a large amount of study upon a thankless object. On the other hand, we can congratulate him upon having fallen into such hands as those of Mr. Austin, his printer and publisher. If Mr. Stanley's book were utterly uninteresting (which it is very far from being)—produced, as it has been, with all the advantages of Mr. Austin's taste and liberality—the volume would be a valuable purchase. Let not the foregoing remarks be misconstrued into a slight on Mr. Stanley's literary qualifications. He is evidently very much of a scholar, and a good deal of a poet. If a word from us can encourage him to dig in a more productive soil than the one he has chosen, he is heartily welcome to it as his honest deserts.

SIX NEW MAGISTRATES are appointed for Liverpool—Mr. J. A. Tobin, Mr. John A. Tinnie, Mr. Edmund Heath, Mr. James R. Jeffery, Mr. Richard Seel, and Mr. Thomas Earle. Of these gentlemen, the three first-named are Conservatives, and the other three Liberals.

A HOUSE IN MILLS BUILDINGS, Knightsbridge, caught fire on Monday morning, and two children were burnt to death in it.

THREE BOYS were killed by the fall of an arched stable at Blackburn, on Monday.

THE QUEEN has commissioned Mr. William Simpson, the artist of the Crimean war, to paint for her private gallery a picture of the reception on board the Resolute. The picture, which will contain portraits of the various members of the Royal family who visited the ship, and of Captain Hartstein and his fellow officers, will be engraved.

PREVENTION OF SEA-SICKNESS.—Dr. Landerer, a physician at Athens, announces that he has discovered a sovereign specific against sea sickness. His remedy is to give from ten to twelve drops of chloroform, in water. The chloroform, in most cases, removes nausea, and persons who have taken the remedy soon become able to stand up and get accustomed to the movement of the vessel. Should the sickness return, a fresh dose is to be taken. It was tried on twenty passengers on a very rough voyage from Zea to Athens, and all, with the exception of two, were cured by one dose.

A TOO FACILE LAUNCH.—The Turkish line-of-battle ship Fethiye (the Victorious), was launched on the 14th ult. The Sultan and the diplomatic corps, with the exception of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, came to witness it, but from some untoward incident the launch was over before they arrived. Contrary to the usual custom, all the shores, without exception it seems, had been knocked away, and when no one expected it, the vessel glided down the ways and launched itself. One of the workmen was unfortunately killed, and several others wounded. When the Sultan and the ambassadors arrived, the vessel was in the water.

DEPORTATION OF FOREIGNERS FROM RUSSIA.

A FEW words will be sufficient to explain the engraving which under this title appears on another page. It represents a couple of Cossacks escorting beyond the frontiers of Russia an unfortunate foreigner, who had become an object of suspicion to the Muscovite Government. This mode of dealing with inquisitive strangers, is, it appears, a matter of pretty frequent occurrence. Our readers are probably aware that within the dominions of the Czar, travellers from other lands are watched with such strictness, that—whatever their curiosity—they can learn little more of the country than the Russian police is kindly disposed to allow. Permission to enter Russia is granted to a foreigner only after he has undergone a searching examination as to his conduct, his opinions, and, above all, the object of his visit. He is, moreover, required to explain his connections and social position, and whether his resources are sufficient to maintain him during the period that business or pleasure will keep him in the country. Should he let fall the slightest hint that he is desirous of making observations on the condition, manners, and customs of the country, he is inexorably turned back.

The letters of all foreigners residing in Russia are invariably examined, opened, and read at the Post Offices, both on being sent off and received. Any one, therefore, who is imprudent enough to state the impressions produced on him by the aspect of affairs, is certain to be forthwith conducted to the frontier, like the gentlemen in our engraving, with all the respect due to his rank in the social hierarchy.

One remarkable instance of this treatment is worthy of being related. Monsieur V., the brother of a French Marshal of distinction, had been staying at St. Petersburg above a fortnight—going everywhere, and observing everything—when one morning a police officer entered his room, and said:—

"His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, having learned indirectly that you keep up with your brother an active correspondence, in which you give him your own peculiar views of the affairs of this country, charges me to inform you that, as your letters might be lost upon the road, he thinks it would be more prudent for you to take them to Paris yourself. Here are your letters; a carriage and horses are waiting for you at the door. I have a so a passport, perfectly correct, to give you. In two hours your trunks will be packed, and we will set out."

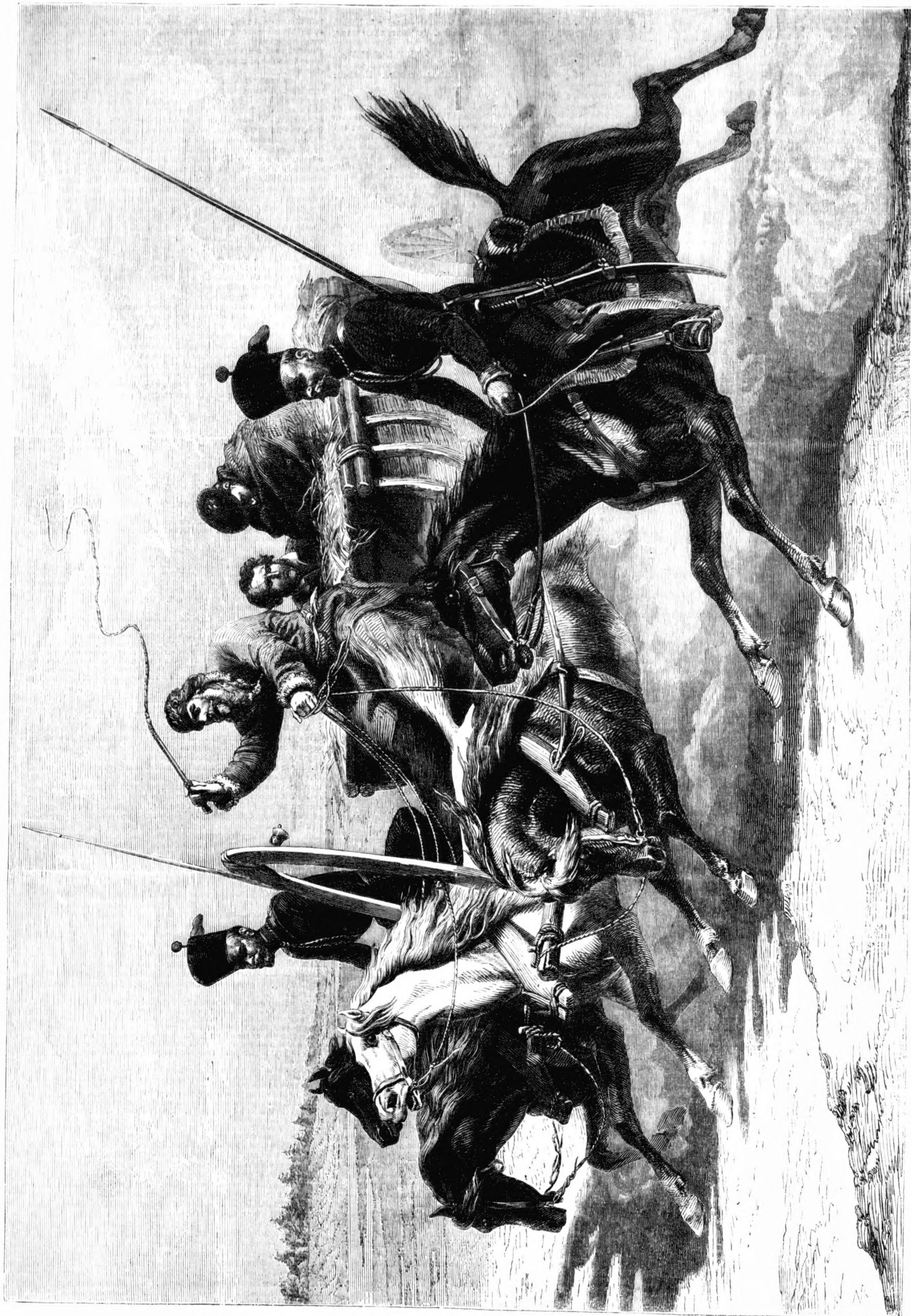
"This ironical manner of expelling people did not surprise Mons. V., for he was aware that it was a custom of the Russian police, and he replied therefore in the same tone to the officer:—

"His Majesty anticipates my wishes; I was on the point of leaving his dominions, but I had indulged in the hope of not taking my departure until I had seen the Czar of all the Russias. I confess that I shall regret all my life not having time to do so."

"For the matter of that, sir," replied the police-officer, "while we are preparing your trunks, I will despatch some one to learn his Majesty's orders."

In half-an-hour an answer arrived. It consisted of two lines in the writing of the Czar, and ran as follows:—"Granted to-morrow morning, at ten, in the Michael Riding School; the carriage will follow you."

For the rest of that day Monsieur V. was left to himself, but next morning he was taken to the appointed place. The Czar was already there, inspecting a regiment, and, while doing so, he several times passed Monsieur V., who was standing in the midst of a group of general officers. When the review was over, Monsieur V. was escorted to a carriage, drawn by four of the little horses of the Steppes harnessed abreast, and driven off at full gallop towards the frontier. On reaching it, the portcuilis was raised to allow free passage to the carriage, on which was the Czar's arms; and, fifty paces farther on, Monsieur V., with all his baggage, was set down before the Prussian barrier, in the middle of the road, at one o'clock on a bitterly cold November morning. Complaints were unavailing. The officer of police merely stated that the Czar undertook no more than the responsibility of such journeys as far as the frontiers of his empire, and that Monsieur V. must now look to the King of Prussia for the means of pursuing his journey to France.



COSSACKS ESCORTING A FOREIGNER TO THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER BY ORDER OF THE POLICE.—(FROM A PAINTING BY ADOLPHE YVON.)

BED-TIME.

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN, BY HERNARD BARTON.

BEFORE I close my eyes in sleep,
 Lord, hear my evening prayer;
 And deign a helpless child to keep
 With Thy protecting care.

Though young in years, I have been taught
 Thy name to love and fear;
 Of Thee to think with solemn thought,
 Thy goodness to revere.

That goodness gives each simple flower
 Its scent and beauty too,
 And feeds it in night's darkest hour
 With heaven's refreshing dew.

Nor will Thy mercy less delight
 The infant's God to be,
 Who through the darkness of the night
 For safety trusts to Thee.

The little birds that sing all day
 In many a leafy wood,
 By Thee are clothed in plumage gay,
 By Thee supplied with food.

And when at night they cease to sing,
 By Thee protected still,
 Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,
 Secure from every ill.

Thus may'st Thou guard with gracious arm
 The couch whereon I lie,
 And keep a child from every harm
 By Thy all-watchful eye.

For night and day to Thee are one,
 The helpless are Thy care;
 And for the sake of Thy dear Son,
 Thou hear'st an infant's prayer.



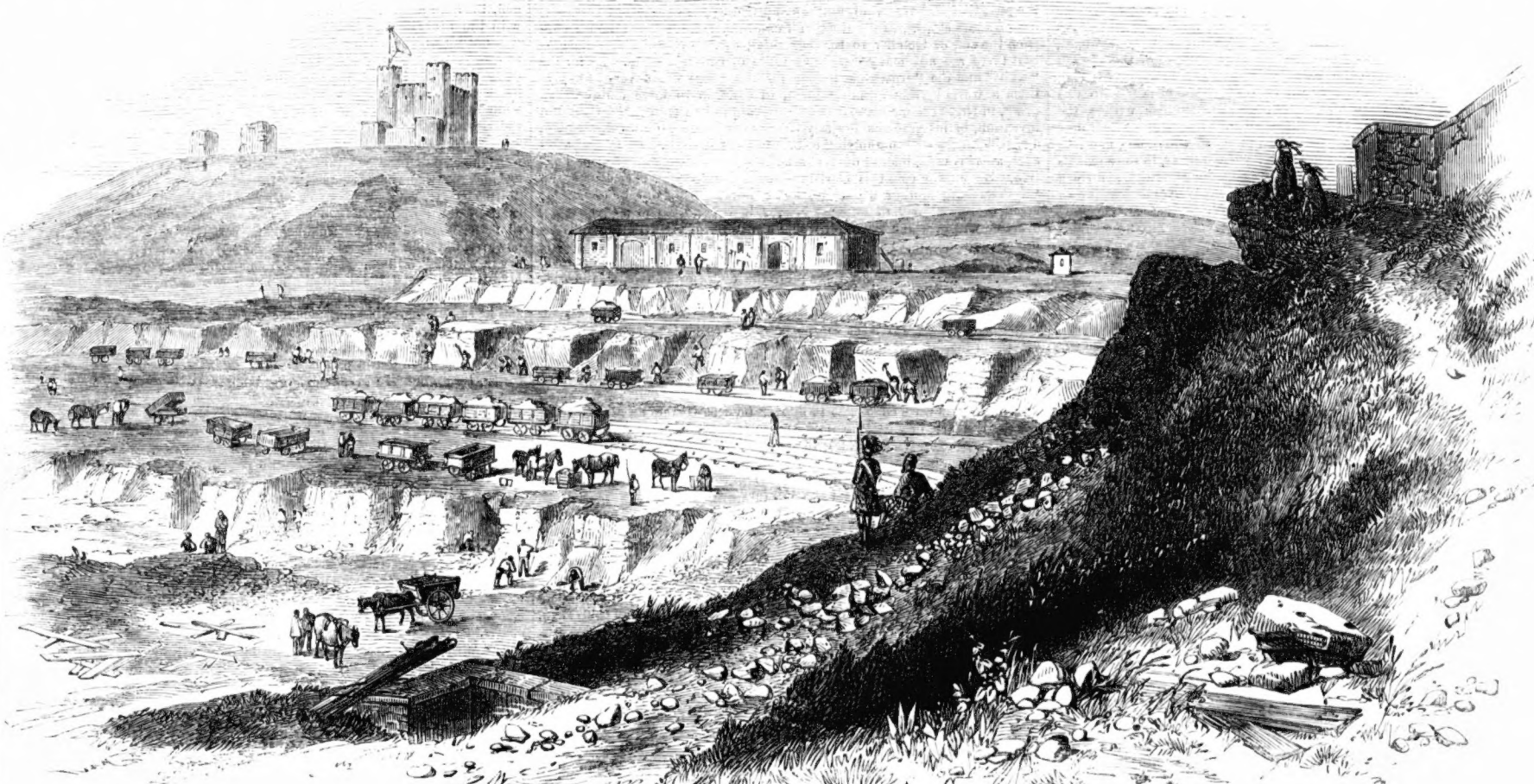
BED-TIME.—(FROM A PAINTING BY FRITH—ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION FROM THE PRINT PUBLISHED BY LLOYD BROTHERS.)

EXCAVATIONS FOR THE NEW BARRACKS AT DOVER.

AMONG the various extensive works in progress at Dover, not the least interesting are those now going forward connected with the construction of some immense barracks for the accommodation of the garrison of Dover Castle. The annexed sketch represents the state of the works some short time back, when the utmost activity and bustle prevailed, large bodies of men being engaged in clearing away the earth for the foundations.

The barracks in question are to occupy a large open space on the top of the cliff, immediately beneath the castle, and facing the sea. They are being constructed at no great distance from the present underground barracks, which are alone capable of accommodating a couple of thousand men. During the progress of the excavations, the earth was carted away through a tunnel which had been cut beneath the ancient outer walls of the castle, when it was shot on to the cliffs.

Several other works are going forward, the effect of which will be to add greatly to the strength of the place. Among military men, we believe the fortifications on the western heights are considered to be by far the strongest position. So advantageous is it, and so admirably arranged are the works, that while a small garrison would suffice for its defence, a large army can be disposed of within its walls. The principal entrance is by a staircase, well worthy of examination, called the Grand Military Shaft. A military road has been constructed to these fortifications, the lines of which extend from the eastern redoubt to the sally-port west of Archeliff Fort. Thus there is a complete line of defence round the town, from the castle to Snakspere's Cliff.



EXCAVATIONS FOR THE NEW BARRACKS AT DOVER.

Next week we shall publish a view of the New Barracks, for which the extensive excavations represented on the preceding page have been made. The building will be entirely for the accommodation of the officers of the garrison, and when completed, will form one of the finest specimens of this class of edifice in England. Instead of long lines of dead-looking parallel walls, with square holes at regular intervals for windows, the building will be a beautiful structure of the mediæval style of architecture. The range will occupy a length 368 feet, varying in breadth; the centre and two outer wings will be four storeys high, and the remaining part three. It will be of substantial brickwork, faced with Kentish rag of irregular blocks, with Bath stone dressings. The site is admirably chosen, opposite the Channel, south-east, at an altitude of 320 feet from high-water mark, and immediately in front of the ancient light-house and chapel. The centre of the edifice stands prominently forward, and will form the mess establishment, having a truly ornamental entrance, surmounted with the national coat of arms. This establishment is intended to be 75 feet wide, having a spacious mess-room of 50 feet by 25 feet, with an orchestra at the back of 20 by 25. The right of the entrance on the ground-floor will form the commanding officer's apartments, while the remainder will be occupied by the different officers. In the basement of the central portion will be the offices of the mess department, and the remaining portion, right and left, will furnish apartments for servants. Mr. W. Moxon is the contractor for these important works.

CHRISTMAS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

(JANUARY 6TH, OLD CHRISTMAS DAY.)

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

MIND, my dear reader, that the picture I am about to give you of social doings in Russia at Christmas is one seen solely in the "mind's eye, Horatio." It pleased the pigs, and the passport-office, and the steamer *Oscar*, or rather her worthy and convivial commander, Captain Carter (may his stout shadow, and the ruby glow of his old port wine, and the comfort of his cabins, and the sententious sayings of his second mate, and the graces of Johanna, his pretty German stewardess, and the non-jurist qualities of his boilers generally, never be less), to bring me away from Cronstadt to Pienberg, and so out of Russia for good and all, three good solid months ago. I have never, thank Heaven! spent a Christmas in Russia, and have, perhaps, no more right to describe it, than to indite the record of a battle that never took place, or to write the biography of a man who never lived. Yet the representation here set down of "Merry Christmas in Russia," is not wholly an imaginary one. As my travels in that favoured land were performed during the broiling summer—I say broiling, for from May to August the temperature is of the most Dahomean, Ashantean, Sierra Leonean, Great Desert of Saharean, interior-of-the-engine-room-of-a-steamship, crater-of-Mount-Vesuvius degree of heat—I was naturally anxious to know what sort of winter followed those gridiron and coal-scuttle "melting moments." I found plenty of informants, plenty of information, respecting the awful Russian winter. From conversation, and inquiry, and the exercise of the noble art of "putting this and that together," I was enabled to form a sufficiently accurate mind-picture of the peculiarities of life and manners in Russia, and especially in St. Petersburg at Christmas time; and now, without further preface, you shall have it, still as I see it, "in the mind's eye." The nearest, and boldest, and most business-like way, would be of course to write the description as if I positively had seen that which I described, after the manner of a prolific French novelist, who is accused (with what degree of justice I know not) of having written his "Impressions de Voyage" without stirring from his apartment on the Boulevard in Paris, and of having set down his reminiscences of Italy and Germany, without having been there at all. I think myself that if any man, lettered or unlettered, attempt to sing that celebrated and interminable ditty, commencing:—

"At the siege of Belleisle,
I was there all the while,"

he ought at least to have been at Belleisle before commencing his comments on the siege thereof; and it is for this reason that I readily confess my literary wares in the present instance to be—well, not positively second-hand, darned, patched, or mended, but lacking the bran new gloss of nap to be found in the "original article;" and I am afraid that I cannot hope that the kindest of my critics will pronounce the performance to be as "good as new."

Christmas is not in Russia, as it is with us, the great Christian anniversary. They observe it and make merry upon its recurrence; but they don't keep Christmas as we Teutonic nations do. Even our lively French neighbours are rather sad on Christmas Day, observing a holiday, going to mass, and no more, and reserving all the splendour of their festivities and merry-makings for the *Jour de l'An*, or New Year's Day. It is the jovial, sturdy, hard-headed, but not wholly hard-hearted, Anglo-Saxon race, who keep Christmas as it should be kept—with prayer and thanksgiving, first—with mighty rejoicings and gigantic consumings of the good things that the Giver of all good things has sent us, afterwards. We English call Christmas affectionately "Father Christmas," picturing him to ourselves as a jovial, genial giant, his pow and beard indistinct as frosty as "John Anderson my Jo," but crowned with holly and mistletoe, and his cheeks glowing with ruddy health. He is the patron of turkeys, chimes, and sirloins, of plum-puddings, mince-pies, snapdragon, forfeits, kissing under the mistletoe, hot elder-wine and rusks, cracker bon-bons, hunting the slipper, blind-man's buff, the "waits," the police-court Christmas-boxes, soup-kitchens, pantomimes, workhouse-banquets, ameliorations of fire, in remembrance of the Blessed Day, even to the vagrant in his casual ward and the felon in his cell. One of the best etchings John Leech ever yet put his needle to was a portrait of "Father Christmas." The greatest English writers, the princes of the pen, Thackeray and Dickens, do not disdain to indite kindly and charming Christmas books. We are all proud of Christmas, and love it. It comes but once a year; would it could come oftener, to soften men's hearts and open men's purse-strings, and smooth away asperities, and ripen old friendships, and heal up old enmities; and remind Dives that he is one brother to Lazarus, and lay in the same cradle with him—the same fond mother watching over both—years and years ago, before Dives made his fortune by that lucky speculation in gas shares—before Lazarus went to the bad and the Bankruptcy Court through that unlucky venture in Goldonian bonds and Assyrian debentures. The Russians have no Father Christmas and no Christmas books. Stay, I must not do them that base injustice; for did I not bring away from Moscow a whole collection of little brown covered books, printed on sugar paper and in Slavonic characters, among which there was a tale, called "The Return from the South Americas," which, after a desperate attempt at translation, I discovered at last, by an unmistakable reference to a certain *Tchouk*, or Teakettle, and one Mrs. "Peerybingle," to be no other than our old friend, the "Cricket on the Hearth." The immortal "Carol" was there too, which began with "Marley never" for "Marley was dead, to begin with." Bob Cratchet was abbreviated into *Boberach*, and Tiny Tim was made a *Muscov* of as *Tecnilimint*; but I only hope the Russian readers of that dearest of stories were as pleased as thousands of us in England were with the announcement that Tiny Tim did not die.

I must explain to you, *en passant*, that, according to the orthodox Greek calendar, the Russian Christmas Day does not fall on the 25th of December, but twelve days later, on the 6th of January—in fact, on the day we eat our twelfth cakes and draw our characters, and which is obscurely known, though seldom spoken of, as "Old Christmas Day."

Shall I tell you why Christmas in Russia is not so jovial and out-door rejoicing a sort of season as Easter or Whitsuntide? Easter falls just when the ice is breaking up, and "Hope, the nurse of young desire," smiles upon the inhabitants of St. Petersburg with promises of corn, and fruit, and flowers. Whitsuntide comes in the full burst and glow of summer itself. Even the Carnival—the *Blinni*, or "butter week," which precedes the great seven weeks' fast, or *Velikoi* Post before the Paschal festivities—comes late in February, when the first and worst half of the winter is past and gone. But Christmas comes just when the winter has set in severely, fiercely, remorselessly, and won't hear of budging for the next three months.

Winter in St. Petersburg! The mind shudders, the toes and fingers are

instinctively benumbed, the nose is imaginatively frost bitten, at the bare mention of that terrible season. Some travellers say that the cold is not so piercing in the metropolis as in Central Russia; for that in the swampy Delta of the Neva the shifting influences of the Baltic oppose and temper the icy winds that issue from Siberia. Rainy west winds, cold northern winds, thick fogs, and clear frosty days, incessantly struggle for the mastery; but the ice—the hard, firm, snow-defying ice—has ordinarily the best of the conflict. There is about the same sort of rivalry between the Moscovites and the Petersburgers about the meteorological advantages of their respective capitals, as between the inhabitants of Dover and Folkestone in England, or of Havre and Dieppe in France. The Moscow people triumphantly declare that no man, from December to March, in Moscow, ever splashed his boots in the streets; whereas in January, in St. Petersburg, you are no safer from rain and mud than you are in the spring months from snow, ice, and cutting winds. The Moscow people, with great conceit and Bombastes-Furioso-like pride in their winter, tell a story, how in December, 1836, a person in Moscow threw an apple-paring out of a small upper window; that said paring did not reach the street, but accidentally hung on the edge of a window-sill, to which it was immediately frozen fast; and that for six weeks it hung thus suspended over the abyss, and that in all that time there had been no weather to thaw it. At length, in the beginning of the spring, thawed by the warm sunshine, it dropped, and finished that fall into the street about which it had been meditating so long. Now, the people of St. Petersburg contemptuously declare this story—if true, but they don't place much reliance upon it anyway—to be a mere proof of the obstinate perseverance of the climate of Moscow in evil; and touching the rigour and duration of their own winter on the banks of the Neva, they point disdainfully, as to irrefragable evidence, to the meteorological calculations of Pallas and Euler, in which it is proved that the thermometer falls much oftener to a lower degree in St. Petersburg than in Moscow, and that the average of the whole winter in the first-named capital shows a considerably lower temperature than that of Central Russia. My own opinion, from conversations I have had with Russians and foreigners acclimated in St. Petersburg, may be summed up in the dictum of that "mute, inglorious Milton," who, unknown to fame and unknowing of Lindley Murray, but wise and profound in the wondrous ways of Nature, gave a description of a very severe winter thus:—"First it blew, and then it snowed, and then it thawed, and then it *friz orrid*." It does "*friz orrid*" at Christmas time in the city of the Czar.

Christmas in St. Petersburg! ugh! I "*friz orrid*" at the notion—(John, that other sixpenny'orth, warm, with lemon)—all the wheel carriages have been laid up in ordinary since October, and sledges are now your only riding gear. Twenty degrees of cold! think of that, Master Brooke; it may be thirty; it has been thirty degrees before now. Huge circular fire-places are kept up in the public streets, blazing with faggots, for the droschky-drivers and police-soldiers to warm themselves withal—not for the beggars, for the beggars are all warmly housed in dirty, vermin-tenanted, evil-smelling, but cosy and comfortable mendicant depôts. Policemen go the rounds day and night to keep the sentries and the but-sonks awake, and woe to the soldier who sleeps on duty: five hundred blows with a stick are his allotted portion in this world; but if he do go to sleep, it is extremely possible that he may escape the stick altogether by making an easy passage from this world to the next. Pedestrians no longer walk or trot—they scud, they fly along the streets—nay, they are no longer pedestrians at all, though they walk, and are supposed to have human, blood-warmed bodies; they are scudding bales of thick furs, rolling stones of sheepskins that gather much "Iceland moss" in the way of snow, as they roll down the Nevsky Prospekt. The snow itself is frozen when it falls, and descends in such large cutting flakes, perilous to the eyes and nose, that you might fancy the air full of Mr. Mappin's razors (I earnestly trust that public-spirited dealer in cutlery will send the Editor of this Journal a case of his best razors, one for every day in the week, in recognition of this deeply-studied and graceful compliment.) But the eyes and nose are in still greater danger than from the razor-like snow-flakes. Frost-bite stalks about like the pestilence that walketh by noonday. As no unpleasant sensation gives notice of the loss of nose, eyelids, or ears, nothing is more common than for one person to accost another, a perfect stranger to him, in the street, and calling out, "Thy nose, *batiouschka*!"—"Thy nose, father!" to pick up a handful of snow, and rub with it violently the menaced organ, which, on the eve of impending frost-bite, has turned a bluish white. The eyelids and lashes frequently become encrusted with snow; the very breath from the nostrils freezes; but as I have not the slightest wish to pull the Russian long-bow, I do not call on you to place implicit reliance on the following anecdote, that persons with frozen-up eyes are frequently obliged to grope their way to the next house, beg the inmates to allow them a place by the stove for a few moments, to *thaw their eyes*, and drop a bribe tear of gratitude on the heated structure that has benighted them.

This would be a capital time for the "waits," and the "frozen-out gardeners," and the "original dustman," with his copy of verses, and the boys who "keep the pot boiling" down the slides, and the stagers-in at grocers' and pastrycook shop windows, and the inquisitive philosophers who perambulate, I have heard, fashionable streets, and peep down the areas to see what my lord and my lady have got for their Christmas dinner. The only obstacle to all this being done at Christmas time in St. Petersburg lies in the fact, that no living soul, unless compelled by his daily avocations, stirs out of doors at all. Many Russian families never leave the house once from the end of October to the beginning of May; so you may imagine that there are not many Christmas visits of congratulation. As for the "waits" and the "frozen-out gardeners," the police would very soon give them a warm berth—warming them, in addition to mere clothing and fring, in that peculiar manner once supposed to be the prerogative, if not invention, of his gracious Majesty George the Fourth, of blessed memory, and which consisted in applying caloric to the coat-tails. In Russia, however, *wood* is used, instead of Wallsend, for the warming process in question. Should the cold this Christmas be more than seventy degrees, no St. Petersburg mother will suffer her children to stir out of doors. If ladies venture abroad to balls or *soirees*, it will be only in close coaches, every crevice in which is carefully closed with strips of fur. Whole families are shut up for weeks, without once breathing the fresh air. Inside, the houses are literally as hot as ovens. There is a great *peech*, or stove, in the hall—a stove in every room; all the doors are double, all the windows double. These last are never opened; only, occasionally, one little lattice in the window, called a *casistas*, and occupying about half a pane of the whole space, is opened for purposes of ventilation; and the hot air rushes through it, like the fire from the furnace in Mr. Turner's picture of "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego." You see nobody about the streets but the lowest of the *monjiks*, *Tchinsoniks*, or government clerks, foreigners (those silly, giddy foreigners), and officers—miserable officers, wretched officers—or they are compelled to muster on the Champ de Mars, or the Admiralty Place, in glittering uniforms, in weather which, I have heard it emphatically expressed, would give a Polar bear the toothache. Nobody dare complain, for the Czar exposes himself to the rigour of *acris hymns* as much as the youngest cornet in the regiment of Preobajinski. "Is true, all classes of officers wear the military gray capote, which, although a very hideous and cumbersome garment in summer, must be exceedingly comfortable in winter."

This, then, is the St. Petersburgian Christmas—on the whole, rather an icy top-of-a-twelfth-cake-without-any-plum-duff-underneath sort of affair. There are religious ceremonies, as I have said; the cadets in the military schools have a holiday; and that is all. The festivities of sleighing, masked and court balls *katchelis*, gift-giving, and the Russian equivalent for kissing under the mistletoe—the "bridge of kisses," as it is called—are all reserved for the new year. And even these festivities are not by any means so brilliant as at the great "kissing" festival of the Rusksies—Easter.

PRINCE CZARTORYSKI, in his capacity of President of the Polish Historical Society at Paris, recently addressed its members. He rather reproached his countrymen with not having quickly profited by the circumstances occasioned by the late war, but also averred that the attitude of the allied Powers towards the Poles was not of a nature to encourage their efforts.

THE PANTOMIMES.

My heaviest week's work is over, and my head, exhausted with noisy overtures and shrieking voices, and my eyes dazzled with gas, and dazed with big heads and tinsel garments, may now claim a little rest. What I have gone through I can scarcely imagine, much less narrate. What Bowers of Bliss I have inhabited, or into what Dungeons of Despair I have penetrated, I know not. The conversation of my friends is denied me, my ears ring perpetually with "My Mary Anne," and "Keemo Kimo," while even the paper upon which I am now writing floats away before my eyes, and I see nothing but fairies in revolving stars, clowns stealing sausages, and spangled sprites tied in indissoluble Gordian knots. This, sir, is not the effect of convivial indulgence, but simply the result of a conscientious fulfilment of my duties as your theatrical critic. Let me, then, endeavour to clear my understanding by a draught of mental sodawater, and recount the wonders I have seen.

DRURY LANE has, of recent years, revived its ancient celebrity for pantomime; and I do not think that its reputation is likely to suffer by the Christmas entertainment of this season. Indeed, there is every reason to anticipate, that "See-Saw Margery Daw, or Harlequin Holiday and the Island of Ups and Downs," now that a few more representations and judicious curtailments have made it "play" more closely and more smoothly, will enjoy a long lease of popularity. The plot of the introduction proceeds from the fertile imagination of Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and the time-honoured nursery-rhymes, upon which it is founded, are by him put to symbolical uses, and a moral lesson is endeavoured to be imparted. The scene opens with a sea-saw perched on the top of the globe; on which several persons go up in brilliant uniforms and come down in rags. A conversation between one "Up" and a "Down" is interrupted by Holiday, the Genius of the Season (Miss Marian Stanley), who expatiates on the propriety of recreation, while Dame Necessity (Mrs. Selby) takes the more material side of the question. However, they agree to have a pantomime, and the scene changes to Holiday's Mistletoe Home and Winter Garden of the Fairies. This scene is brilliantly painted and lighted; and there are introduced no fewer than 130 ladies of the *corps de ballet*, of all sizes, down to the infant aspirant of six years old. A ballet succeeds, in which Miss Rosina Wright and the Mdlles. Osment greatly distinguish themselves. The scenes which follow represent various apartments in King Huggabugza's palace. This monarch's daughter, Margery Daw (Madame Boleno), while abandoning herself to indolence, is visited by Necessity, who conveys her to her dark cottage, furnishes her with all the implements of female industry, expatiates on the advantages of labour and thought; and, at length, makes a convert of the lazy and pert Margery. As a reward, she is conducted through the Mine of Labour, leading to the Mine of Wealth, and introduced to the Fairy Factory of Fancy. The introductory part of the pantomime here ceases, and the transformations follow. There were two Harlequins; two Sprites; two Pantalons; two Clowns; and two Columbes. Besides these, Aurora, the French Clown, appears in two scenes. The last grand scene, the Holiday's Fairy Home, is exceedingly beautiful. I may add that the fun and frolic are sustained with becoming animation; that the actors all exert themselves with zeal; that the topics of the day are touched on with felicity; that the scenery is always excellent; the supernumeraries strong in numbers, full of vigour, and insensible to hard knocks; and the harlequinade generally ably conducted and most amusing.

The union of burlesque and pantomime which proved so successful last year at the ADELPHI has been again revived at that house, and for the opening portion of the entertainment the aid of Mr. Mark Lemon has again been called into requisition. Disdaining the assistance of the Comtesse D'Aulmois, or even of the "Child's Own Book" (that simple green-covered volume of translations from which I verily believe all the burlesque writers except Mr. Planché have worked) Mr. Lemon has worked up the best parts of several fairy stories into a legend of his own, and turned the various incidents to account to bring forward the capabilities of the band of *artistes* at his disposal. The story runs somewhat in this way: Mother Shipton (Miss Arden) wagers with Merlin (Miss Kate Kelly) that she cannot manufacture a man whose fidelity and constancy shall be beyond all proof. The wager is accepted, and after a "brew" in the enchanter's magic retort, the result is developed in the person of one Sir Beau (Madame Celeste), a fast young man, who, however, unfortunately appears to possess every quality than that which should essentially distinguish him. Merlin, however, provides him with a sweetheart whose constancy to him shall eventually prove his safeguard. Constance (Miss Wyndham) follows him through all kinds of temptations, in many pretty dresses, and by the aid of a magic whistle saves his life on two occasions when he is hard-pressed. She is, however, such a wonderful specimen of womanhood that she is induced to forgive him his desertion of her and preference of many other ladies, more especially of one Leda (Miss Mary Keeley), who sings to him in the most enchanting manner, and for him: jilts a splendid specimen of a pirate, Kut-throtos, played by Mr. Paul Bedford. So far, so good. Mr. Lemon's burlesque lines are quaint and telling, and all the jokes, more especially those against the ticket-of-leave system and ladies' emoline, were received with loud laughter and applause. All the ladies looked charmingly, and the fun of Messrs. Paul Bedford and Bland found favour with the audience. After the transformation, we had Madame Celeste and Miss Wyndham respectively as the *Wallean* Harlequin and Columbine. Their dresses were most picturesque, and their dancing very graceful; but now lamentation is at end, the quill must be laid down, and a stern steel Gullott employed to deal with the other pantomimic characters. Mr. Garden played Clown, and was not up to the mark; Mr. Moreland's Pantaloon was execrable; and as for the tricks—! That unhappy machinist must have slept badly on Boxing-night! Nothing worked at all; masses of cord lay about in helpless confusion; portions of scenes, intended to change, flapped in the wind! These were probably only first-night mishaps, and doubtless the vigilant directional eye of Madame Celeste has long since remedied such *contretemps*.

At the LYCEUM the entertainment is also a mixture of burlesque and pantomime, in which the former has far the best of it, as the opening has been written by Mr. William Brough with so much spirit and wit, and is so excellently acted by Mrs. Mellon, Mrs. Dillon, Miss Wilton, and Mr. Toole, that the unfortunate harlequinade is perfectly extinguished. Before, however, entering into particulars, let me say a word respecting the manner in which "William Tell," which commenced the evening, was acted. Mr. Dillon played the hero with much rugged force and natural unaffected *bonhomie*; his pathetic passages were, perhaps, a little strained, and he suffers himself to rely too much on a prolonged silence and a nervous play of the fingers as an expression of emotion; but the general reading of the character was intelligent and effective. I much regretted to see Mr. M'Lieu playing the part of Gesler, which was unfitted for him, and which, I am bound to say, he did very badly. It appeared to me that, in endeavouring to avoid exaggerated ranting, he had fallen into the error of delivering all his speeches in a whining tone of voice, neither suited to the character nor agreeable to the ear. Why, too, did both he and Mr. Dillon pronounce the good old English word "gape" as "garp"? Mr. Shore, who played one of the friendly peasants, carried in his hand an ivory-handled cane, fifty facsimiles, at least, of which were to be seen in the pit, and which coincided admirably with his Swiss costume. Mr. Brough has founded the story of his burlesque on the plot of the "Corsair" ballet produced last year at her Majesty's; and though the Byronic devotee might not be able to recognise the characters of the bard under their Lyceum aspect, yet the story is sufficiently interesting, and affords an admirable vehicle for the introduction of puns, parodies, and hits at passing follies. It is always pleasant to have to notice progress; and Mr. Brough may be complimented on having this year improved on all his former efforts. Miss Woolgar (it seems more natural so to speak of her) was entirely at her ease as the slashing, dashing Conrad, and looked admirably Mrs. Dillon (new to me in burlesque) acted with sprightliness, and danced as though ballet had been her regular "line of business;" and Miss Wilton made the most of a bad part, and sung with an absence of all affectation, and in a clear, fresh little voice. Mr. Toole's voice was neither clear nor fresh—in fact, poor fellow, he had almost lost that useful organ—but yet his acting could not be surpassed. His "make up" for a Victoria melodrama hero, his pantomime, his every movement and gesture, were perfect. The dresses of all the characters are splendid; and the transfer

the scene is, without exception, the finest thing I ever saw on the stage. Mr. Haverley must look after his laurels for Mr. Lenton, the artist of the Lyceum, has run him hard, if not surpassed him. The pantomime business was, truth to tell, had enough—slow, and without action. Mr. Tom Mathews seems to have lost his vivacity, and the other clown, Mr. H. Marshall, does not rely upon his fun (and wisely too), but introduces clever performances on the fiddle—not a dummy fiddle, but a real violin, properly used. What would Grimaldi have said to that? In a pantomime we don't want to hear a fiddle played out of the orchestra; and, after all, the fact is not so extraordinary. Thousands of people play the fiddle very well; and Mr. Marshall should recollect that the adoption of the clown's costume does not necessitate an ignorance of music; and that, after all, there is nothing wonderful in the feat!

It must be confessed, I think, that of all the presiding authorities of theatres at Christmas time, Mr. Buckstone, of the Haymarket, is essentially the "children's manager." We all remember his former pantomimes, the "Three Bears" and "Little Bo-Peep," but I confess I was surprised when I saw the announcement this Christmas that the Haymarket pantomime would have recourse for an opening to that lugubrious story of the "Babes in the Wood." However, so it is; and highly successful is the result. The story is very nearly the same as that over which some of us have wept in our nursery days; but the way in which the wood fairies are introduced is really beautiful, and embellishes the child's story so as to render the piece essentially the "children's pantomime." The transformation scene is exceedingly pretty; but the scenic triumph of the piece is the "Blackberry Brake," with the fairies engaged in the pleasing occupation of "blackberrying." There is plenty of fun to follow in the harlequinade, and I have no doubt that the lessee of the Haymarket will find the "Babes in the Wood" very profitable children.

As I have spoken of the children's pantomime, I naturally advert in the next place to what I consider to be a much more solemn instance of the same species of performance—I mean the pantomime at the PRINCESS'S THEATRE. Here we come back for a subject to readings of an age so recent to our nursery days, to times when we began to appreciate the extremely more substantial realities of the "Arabian Nights," when genies, and viziers, and caliphs, and turbans, and magicians, and magic evenings, formed the stock company of our lighter reading. And in those days there was nothing that we more thoroughly longed to possess, than the fairy and magical treasures and gifts with which we had become acquainted, than that wondrous slip, whose powers gave such wondrous aid, and whose story conveyed so true and so covert a satire upon the weakness of poor human nature? Aladdin, our old friend, is this year the hero of the Princess's Theatre. The story is the same we once knew, with certain magical adaptations. But the opening particularly strikes us as being remarkable for fast strict attention to detail and accuracy which I think is so great an accessory to all scenic displays. Aladdin, his mother's shop, the Grand Vizier, and the Princess, are all perfectly Eastern in dress and appearance, and the interior of the tailor's shop looks as if it had been photographed in tall-bellied Baghdad. The after scenes are not to say matters amusing as usual, but I cannot dismiss the subject without noticing the very graceful and correct dancing of Miss Caroline Adams as Columbine.

The STRAND THEATRE Pantomime is most remarkable for the number of innovations introduced therein upon the usual style of pantomimes. Here is a singing Columbine as well as a dancing one; the character talk is in verse all through, in the bar-quinade; there is a young Clown as well as an old one—and the old Clown is a young lady. I cannot say I think any of these novelties an improvement on the old *regime*; indeed, I hear that Miss Collier is about to relinquish her "cownish" efforts, which in my opinion are utterly unworthy of so talented and persevering an actress. Looking eastward, even to the regions of Norton Folgate, I have to confess Mr. Nelson Lee's pantomime at the CITY OF LONDON THEATRE. The fortunes and misfortunes of the hapless Anne Boleyn are the subject of the introduction. The character of Anne is admirably "done" by Mr. Sims; it is a bit of really fine acting. The transformation scene is worthy of the grandest days of Madame Vestris and the Lyceum. In the harlequinade, the Clown and the two Columbines, together with a wonderful clog-dancing child, carry off the laurels. But I must not omit to pay a tribute to the managerial talent and taste displayed by Messrs. Johnson and Nelson Lee in the scenery, dressing, and mounting of the whole piece.

At the STANDARD "Hickedy Pickedy, my Back Hen; or, Harlequin King Winter and Queen Spring," is the title of the entertainment. The transformation scene was capitally arranged, and the acting of Mr. Douglass, as Clown, seemed to be regarded by the Standard *habitués* with intense satisfaction. We have every year, for the last ten years at least, sir, been told that burlesque had had its day, and was fading out. At last the prophecy would seem to be coming true. The Lyceum opens its doors to pantomime, and even the Adelphi no longer clings to burlesque at Christmas. At the Olympic alone does burlesque hold its own this year; and even Mr. Pouché seems to have deserted the old regions of fairy land proper, for "Young and Handsome" is more of an allegory than a fairy story. That love and jealousy are terrible antagonists, though inseparable companions, is a story as old as that "old, old story" which constitutes the chronicle of the human heart. And the plot of the Olympic extravaganza consists in the struggle between Cupid and the fiend Jealousy, who is called into action by a wicked and disappointed old Witch. This contest is carried on in that quaint region which has been immortalised chiefly by Watteau's pencil and S-vres China. There is a royal shepherd and a fairy shepherdess, and the dresses and decorations are as nearly perfect as can be conceived. But the feature of the whole piece *par excellence*, is the introduction of the ludicrous figure of Robson as Zephyr. His first entrance was the signal for a tremendous roar of laughter; some of your readers, sir, may remember in the printshop windows a picture of the late John Reeve as Cupid—Robson's appearance reminded me extremely of the picture. I mention, but when Zephyr became a corporeal being, and was transformed into a perfect *beau*, with wig, three-cornered hat, and dress sword, he contrast must be seen to be appreciated. Zephyr, of course, falls in love with a human being; and also, of course, becomes jealous. Robson's agony when he first becomes sensible of the green-eyed monster's influence, was a magnificent piece of acting. But the crowning portion of his performance, in my opinion, was his dancing. First, in a *pas seul*, and afterwards in a *pas de deux* with Miss Swanborough, (entitled "an adaptation of the *Pas de Fuscine*"), Zephyr certainly maintained the reputation for lightness and sportive grace which poets have conferred upon him. The plot results, I am happy to say, in the triumph of Cupid, and of course the union of the Shepherd King with the Fairy Shepherdess. Zephyr re-assumes his mythological guise, and is installed on a pedestal in a "porcelain pavilion." I must mention the admirable acting of Mr. James Rogers as Jealousy, for this able performer made the most of a somewhat uphill part. The piece was very successful, and I doubt not will have a long run. I am glad, by the way, to hear that Mr. Wigan is recovering from his late illness.

SAMUEL'S WELLS has for its pantomime "The Fisherman and the Genie; or, Harlequin Padmanaba and the Enchanted Fishes of the Silver Lake." It opens with a contest between two negative spirits (Black and White) for dominion, when the Spirit of the Rainbow, attended by fays dressed in the seven prismatic colours, interposes, and shows how potent a wand she sways; the next scene reveals the glowing prospect of an oriental sea, on the shore of which Padmanaba has the good fortune to save from a watery grave the Princess of the Kingdom of Pearls, who has come to bathe in the "ocean's ream." He next fishes up the talismanic vessel in which the Genie has been imprisoned for several thousand years, and having liberated him, receives in return the four coloured fish, which he takes to the Sultan, for whom they are fried, in strict accordance with the legend. After the Black Enchanter has taken away the Princess, the scene changes to the City of Colours, a fine tableau, which was received with shouts of applause. Here the transformations take place. The tricks, which were exceedingly well performed, were so rapid in succession and sharp in execution, that ere one burst of laughter subsided it was followed by another. Mr. Emery, whilome of the Olympic Theatre, has undertaken the management of the MARLEYBONE, a very pretty little theatre, situated in the wilds of Paddington, and has managed to produce as good a panto-

mime, of the fine old big-headed, hard-hitting school, as I ever saw. I would recommend this pantomime to the attention of the various *paterfamilias* in the neighbourhood. The children, to whom puns and parodies would be *caviare*, will all understand Sir Humblecum-tumble and the Demon of Darkness with his ass's head. They will also be much amused with the Clown, who is both funny and agile, and whose only fault is, that he tattles too much. The Marleybone also offers attraction to the connoisseur in pantomime art, for it possesses a Pantaloon, the like of whom I have never seen. His name in the bills is Alfred Kellenor—it should be Barnes, for I am sure he must be a descendant of that immortal man! His trust in, and admiration of, the Clown, his senile trot, his imbecile advances to the maid-servant, the constant look of mingled idiocy and cunning that beamed in his wrinkled face, were bits of acting which none but a thorough artist could achieve, and which are now very seldom seen. The pantomime is well put upon the stage, and there is plenty of bustling fun; it is called "Tit-lar-Too, or Harlequin News," and great compliments are paid to the power of the press.

The author of the SURETY pantomime has chosen a meteorological subject, and the harlequinade is accordingly entitled, "Harlequin and the Summer Queen, or King Winter and the Fairies of the Silver Willows." It is capably put upon the stage, and the scenery, more especially the transformation scene, "The Ivy Grove in the Fairy Dell," is excellent. The comic business, too, has the advantage of a clever Clown, Mr. Buck, who is a great pantomime favourite, and Mr. Bradbury, a good Pantaloon.

Boxing Night at ASTLEY'S was, I am told by a friend who was there, a thing to be wondered at. No sooner did the pantomime begin than the crowd (which had been all the early part of the evening impatient or restrained from their seats, and filled every part of the circus, which the horses had only just quitted. The pantomime, I hear, is capital. It is founded on the story of our old friend, Paul Pry, who of course has to pursue his career on horseback, and whose equestrian adventures, more especially one involving the purchase of his steed, keep the house in roars. The scenery and dresses are new and very good, and the groupings with the horses introduced extremely pretty.

The VICTORIA comes out with "Harlequin William the Conqueror and King Vice of the Silent City; or, Wine, War, and Love, and Queen Virtue in the Vistas of Light and Gloom." I cannot follow the intricate story which requires so long a title to explain it. It will be sufficient to say that the audience were presented with a Silent City with a Sleeping town, a Fairy Baler, a Valley of Flowers and a Lake of Gold, and a Hall of Vice guarded by Death and Crime. A "Bower of a Thousand Lights in the World of Stars" inaugurates the transformations, and the Pantomime closes with the Grand Temple of Virtue in the land of revolved Stars, a denouement which brought down the curtain amidst loud applause.

THE LUNCHEON.

THE EXHIBITIONS.

THE various Exhibitions which stud the metropolis, and especially attract the thousands who affect not the theatre, have been largely visited during the holidays.

THE POLYGRAPHIC INSTITUTION was on "boxing day" crowded—morning and evening. The entertainment comprised some new pictures of the scenes of the war, the Crystal Palace, &c.; a new and very excellent series of dissolving views; a lecture on voltaic electricity; and a musical entertainment, entitled "Humorous Songs and Sayings." There was also "Ye Pittiful and Diverging Historie of Blow Beard," which successfully varied the more scientific attractions of the place.

MADAME TESNAUD'S WAXWORK EXHIBITION was of course well attended. No country cousin leaves London without visiting this famous collection, now rendered more interesting by the effigy of Robson, the Crystal Palace deponent.

THE REGENT GALLERY was rendered specially attractive by the presence of General Tom Thumb. On "Boxing-day" this remarkable specimen of American produce held three "leaves." The two former were attended by crowded audiences—hundreds, indeed, turned away from the doors disappointed. In the evening, the theatre drew away the surplus of the General's audience. The General sang "Villikins and his Dinah," "I should like to marry," "Jeannette and Jeannot," and other equally new and popular songs, to the satisfaction of his admirers.

THE ROYAL COLONNEUM, after a long recess, was re-opened on Friday week. Again the celebrated picture of "London by Day and Night," the Swiss caverns, the cataract of "real water," and the other ancient glories of this old exhibition, were revealed to the public; and it is gratifying to record that the new generation appreciated the boon. The place was crowded.

THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—The talents of Mr. German Reed, and of his accomplished wife (late Miss P. Horton), drew an overflowing company to the Gallery of Illustration. The miseries of an enraged musician formed the basis of the entertainment, and the vehicle of some excellent acting and singing.

THE SALLE VOUSDEN was well attended. Mr. Vouden, who is comparatively new to the London public, elicited considerable applause in the personation of national character.

THE POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—Here Mr. Woodin re-opened his "Olio of Oddities," with certain additions and improvements. Mr. Woodin has gathered many established admirers, and his varied performances were well received by a very large audience.

GORDON CUMMINGS' African Exhibition could hardly fail of its attractions at this season, where adventure-loving youth have all come home from school. Several new scenes, and some real Bosjesmen, added to the interest of the exhibition, which has now been before the public upwards of four hundred nights.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, spite of the weather, drew together several hundred spectators.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE also enjoyed the presence of as many visitors as it could reasonably expect, considering that no special attraction was offered to the public. Nearly 6,000 persons visited this charming resort during the day.

SUFFERINGS OF ENGLISHMEN IN THE SERVICE OF HOLLAND.—David Bruce and Thomas Wye, and some thirty other men, according to their own statement forwarded to the newspapers, enlisted in a Dutch regiment for six years, for a bounty of £5. At the expiration of the six years, they were to be discharged with a gratuity of £65, and returned to England. But on application for the bounty money, the captain turned a deaf ear, and said he could not understand English, though the complainants aver that he spoke that language well. They further complain, that having afterwards marched twenty-six miles in wet and cold weather, without any refreshment on the road, they were refused supper, and not until the expiration of forty-eight hours were granted about a pint of thin soup without bread. On that day they were first examined by a medical officer, who refused to pass them. The Colonel then said they should be taken to England; and accordingly they were sent from Utrecht to Amsterdam, where they were lodged in prison for twenty-four hours, and fed on prison diet; and from thence to Rotterdam, where they were confined five days, with the same fare of black bread and milk and water. At length they were sent on board the Earl of Auckland, without any provision; and during the passage of thirty-six hours, they had only a biscuit each, and being only deck passengers suffered much from cold and starvation. They arrived in London penniless; and had it not been for the kindness of the wife of a city missionary, residing in Wellclose Square, some of their number, they declare, must have perished. They were refused relief at the Whitechapel Workhouse; and then applied to the magistrate at the Thames Police Court, who advised them to lay their case before Lord Pannure. But Lord Pannure is at his country seat, and meanwhile the poor fellows are destitute.

THE SAMARITAN INSTITUTION AGAIN.—Surrey Edward Pack Barber, the secretary of the "Samaritan Institution," is in trouble again. He is charged with having, in December, 1855, obtained bread, biscuits, and flour from tradesmen, for distribution among the poor on Christmas Day, and with having either consumed them himself, or sold them for his own benefit. The evidence went strongly against him; but after two hearings the case was again adjourned.

SINGULAR DEATH.—The ship's carpenter of the whaler Esquador, anchored in Havre, was engaged on one of the masts, taking the measure of a spar with a rope, the end of which was held by the captain on deck, when of a sudden his hands dropped and his head sank on his breast. A sailor was sent aloft to see what was the matter, and to his horror he discovered that the carpenter was dead, but that even in death his body preserved its equilibrium on the spar on which he was seated.

DINNER TO CAPTAIN HARTSTEIN AT PORTSMOUTH.

THE dinner given by the Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth to Captain Hartstein and his brother-officers of the *Resolute*, was held on Tuesday week, at the Portland Hotel, Southsea. Mr. Croskey, the American Consul-General of the district, the heads of the naval and military departments (except Sir George Seymour, unavoidably absent), and a number of officers of both services, contributed to render the dinner a success. The tone of the speaking was one continual interchange of friendly feelings and compliments. In responding to the toast of the evening—"Captain Hartstein and the officers of the *Resolute*," which was received with three times three cheers—the Captain said that he earnestly hoped that the union of their flags on that festive occasion might prove emblematical of the feeling in their respective countries for all time to come. Mr. Croskey also took advantage of the occasion to make some remarks of a political character, not without interest at this time. He said:—

"England should glory in America's prosperity. America rejoices when she hears of the increase of British prosperity, and the extension of British empire in a legitimate direction; for she knows that such extension is accompanied by those emblems of civilisation, the Bible, the newspaper, and the plough; she knows that wherever the banner of St. George waves there will be found freedom of opinion, freedom of speech, personal liberty, and that universal beneficent of mankind, commerce; and therefore she rejoices. Why should not England also rejoice if new territory be placed under the benign influence of our institutions, which insure like benefits to the world at large, and give self-government to the world's large enough for both nations to fulfil their respective manifest destinies without coming into conflict with each. The East seems peculiarly the field of action wherein the civilised duties of England must continue to be employed. The West would appear to be, both geographically and otherwise, the sphere in which America rather than England should exercise the influence which the Anglo-Saxon race have never failed to exercise amongst semi-barbarous people, or over undeveloped countries. At all events, while the feelings of the two countries are now warmed towards each other by this happy event, it becomes the duty of both not only to foster the present kindly feelings, but to adopt such courses as will guard against anything that may tend to disturb them. Let us hear no more talk of war between England and America. If the words should be uttered or printed, let us refuse to hear them or to see them. Let each be chary of the other's honor and feelings as our own. Let us always remember that kind words too often lead to hard blows; and that as both nations speak the same language, whatever is written or said about either is diffusely circulated, and the full force and meaning is felt and appreciated. I would not be understood to deprecate the free discussion in either country of the domestic affairs or policies of the other, but let it be done in kindness and with kind words: 'Nothing extenuate, nor set ought down in malice.' If difficult questions arise, they will be settled by that good common sense which distinguishes both nations, provided the preposterous idea is done away with that either nation wishes to insult the other."

With a proper significance, the Navies and Armies of the United States and of Great Britain were included in one toast; and in replying for the Army of the United States, Mr. Croskey said that the time might come when England and the United States would have to form a coalition for the defence of common interests and civilisation. If that time should come, England had only to ask the United States, and then those States would be ready to join the mother country in the defence of those principles which each nation so highly prizes.

The speeches of the English entertainers were equally as cordial as those of their American guests. If Mr. Croskey and Lieutenant Wells, of the *Resolute*, spoke warmly to this toast to the arms of both nations, as generously did Major General Breton and Captain Harris respond on behalf of Great Britain. Another toast deserves particular notice—that to the health of Mr. Henry Grinnel, who, at his own expense, sent out an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. Mr. Grinnel's name was warmly received. The toast was responded to by Dr. Otis, of the *Resolute*, who said that the distance between England and America was not so great that sympathies could not be interchanged. It was so in regard to Lady Franklin's noble example, which had been taken up and embodied by the merchant prince to whom they had done honour, and carried out with a generous zeal and energy of which Americans might well be proud. The proposal of Dr. Kane's health was greeted with the warmest approbation, and acknowledged by Mr. Croskey, on behalf of the adventurous Philadelphia. The toast that "May the natural link between the United States and Great Britain never be severed" triumphantly completed the list, and the company then virtually broke up.

We need only add that, in an edible point of view, the dinner was extremely good, and that all present appeared pleased with themselves, and delighted with everybody else.

The *Resolute* was formally given up by Captain Hartstein on Tuesday. The American colours, side by side with those of this country, hung from the peak of the stout old ship. At a quarter to one o'clock Captain Seymour, flag-captain to the Commander-in-Chief, went on board the *Resolute* to receive her on the part of the nation. Mr. Peen, the master of the *Victory*, Mr. Burdwood, second master of the *Victory*, a party of seamen, and a corporal's guard from the same ship, also went on board to take charge of her. Captain Seymour, after spending a few minutes in the cabin of Captain Hartstein, returned on deck, and as the dockyard clock struck one, the flag-ship *Victory* hoisted the United States stars and stripes at her main and fired a salute to that flag of 21 guns. Whilst the salute was being fired, Captain Hartstein ordered the American colours to be hauled down on board the *Resolute*, and the Union Jack then floated alone, whilst at the vessel's mainmast the pennant of a British naval officer was hoisted. The salute being ended, and the change of colours effected, the crew of the *Resolute* manned the rigging, and gave three hearty cheers as a return for the salute. Captain Hartstein, in a graceful little speech, delivered the vessel over to Captain Seymour.

In the afternoon, the American officers and crew left her Majesty's steam-vessel *Sprightly* for Southampton, there to embark on board the United States mail steamer *Washington*, in which (and not in her Majesty's ship *Retribution*, as at first reported) they will return to New York.

RENEWAL OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH AMERICA.—Arrangements are nearly completed for the resumption of diplomatic relations with the United States. The Minister selected as the representative of the Queen of Great Britain will probably arrive at Washington early in March, and will be accompanied, or very soon followed, by the consuls of the three places left vacant at the time of the enlistment dispute, and by the Consul for Baltimore, vacant by death, and by the Consul for Buffalo, which is henceforth to have a British resident.

THE REV. DR. LIVINGSTONE.

It is only a few weeks since Dr. Livingstone, after an absence of more than sixteen years, set foot on the shores of England. Yet his name is already familiar as a household word, and his adventures form a subject of general conversation. Such being the case, the accompanying portrait will no doubt be welcomed by our readers. Dr. Livingstone's face is furrowed through hardships, and is almost black with exposure to a burning sun. He hesitates in speaking, has a peculiar accent, is at a loss sometimes for an expression, and the words of his sentences are occasionally inverted. His language is, however, good, and he has an immense fund of the most valuable and interesting information, which he communicates most freely. He suffers from the anchylosis of the elbow-joint, the result of fracture of the lower end of the humerus by a wounded lion, and he is about to undergo the operation of forced rupture, in the hope of regaining the use of the joint.

David Livingstone was born nearly forty years ago in the village of Blantyre, and wrought in the mills as a piecer boy. Before he ceased working as a spinner, he attended the classes in Glasgow during the winter months, and resumed his labour in the mills during the summer vacations.

About the year 1840, Dr. Livingstone left the Blantyre Works, and was engaged by the London Missionary Society. His relatives removed from Blantyre Works to Hamilton about sixteen years ago, where Dr. Livingstone's mother and two sisters at present reside. His young family is residing just now with their grandmother in Hamilton, and Dr. Livingstone has since gone through a variety of adventures. He lives with a tribe of Bechuans, far in the interior, for eight years, guiding them in the paths of virtue, knowledge, and religion. In conjunction with Mr. Oswald, he discovered the magnificent Lake

Ngami, in the interior of Africa. In the interior of that continent he reached the eighth degree of southern latitude, that is, 26 degrees north of the Cape of Good Hope—far beyond the range of any former traveller. The lake Ngami is far to the west of the hunting grounds of Gordon Cumming. Livingstone was in those grounds when the Lion-slayer was there, and they both met often. Livingstone never could make the Africans believe or understand that his countryman came for sport. They thought he came for meat, which he could not get at home. The abundance of large game in Africa he found prodigious, and there were also large fossil remains of animals. He met species of the antelope in Africa which had never been described.

Dr. Livingstone states that the inhabitants of the interior were kind, especially the women. In Central Africa the women had the upper hand. They fed the men. The wife was obliged to supply her mother-in-law with firewood. A man who had five wives, having returned home, asked something of No. 1. No. 1 referred him to No. 2. No. 2 desired him to go to the one he loved best. He was bandied about from one to the other, till he became quite enraged; but all he could do was to go upon the top of a tree and cry aloud, "I thought I had got five wives, but I find I have got five witches." If a woman beat her husband, she was punished in this way:—Both were taken to the market-place, and the wife was compelled to take the husband home on her back amidst the cheers of the people. On these occasions, the women generally cried out, "Give it him again." As Dr. Livingstone approached the confines of civilisation, he found the people less kind.

By himself, Dr. Livingstone traced the course of the great river Zambesi, in Eastern Africa, and explored one of the extensive and arid deserts of the African continent. He explored the country of the true Negro race. He saw a multitude of tribes of Africans, and several races, many of whom had never seen a white man until he visited them. They all had a religion, believed in an existence after death, worshipped idols, and performed religious ceremonies in groves and woods. They considered themselves superior to white men, who could not speak their language.

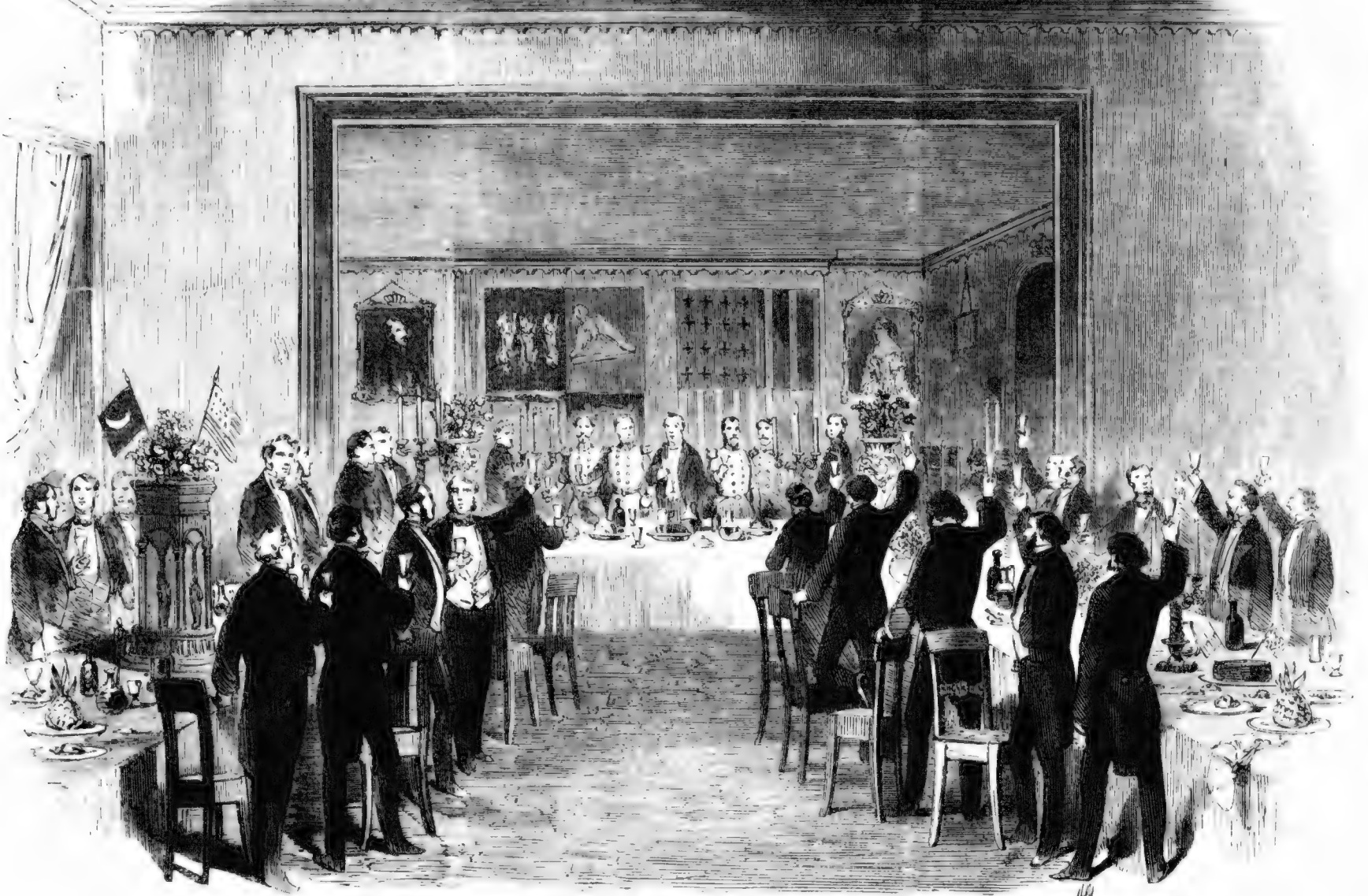
While pursuing his missionary labours, Dr. Livingstone has been struck down by African fever upwards of thirty times. He has

constantly slept in the open air, in the most unwholesome country, and he has travelled over mountains and shores and desert wildernesses, with no earthly defence, he says, save his own right arm, but under the protection of the Almighty. The wife of the Doctor is the daughter of Mr. Moffatt, the chief of the Bechuana nation. Mr. Moffatt had lost sight of his son-in-law some time, and attempted to penetrate into the interior to see what was become of him. He failed to reach him, however, but he sent by friendly tribes a package of his newspapers and letters. This package was brought to the southern bank of a river which separated two hostile tribes. Livingstone was then living far to the north of the river. The Southrons called to the Northmen, and told them that they had some property belonging to the Doctor, who was in great respect by both tribes. The Northmen refused to cross over to it, saying that the books and papers contained witchcraft-medicine. "Very well," said the Southrons, "we leave them here, and if they are lost, on your heads the blame will fall." They then retired. The Northmen thought better of it, crossed over, and placed the parcel on an island in the river, and built a hut over it. Twelve months afterwards, Dr. Livingstone found the parcel there safe.

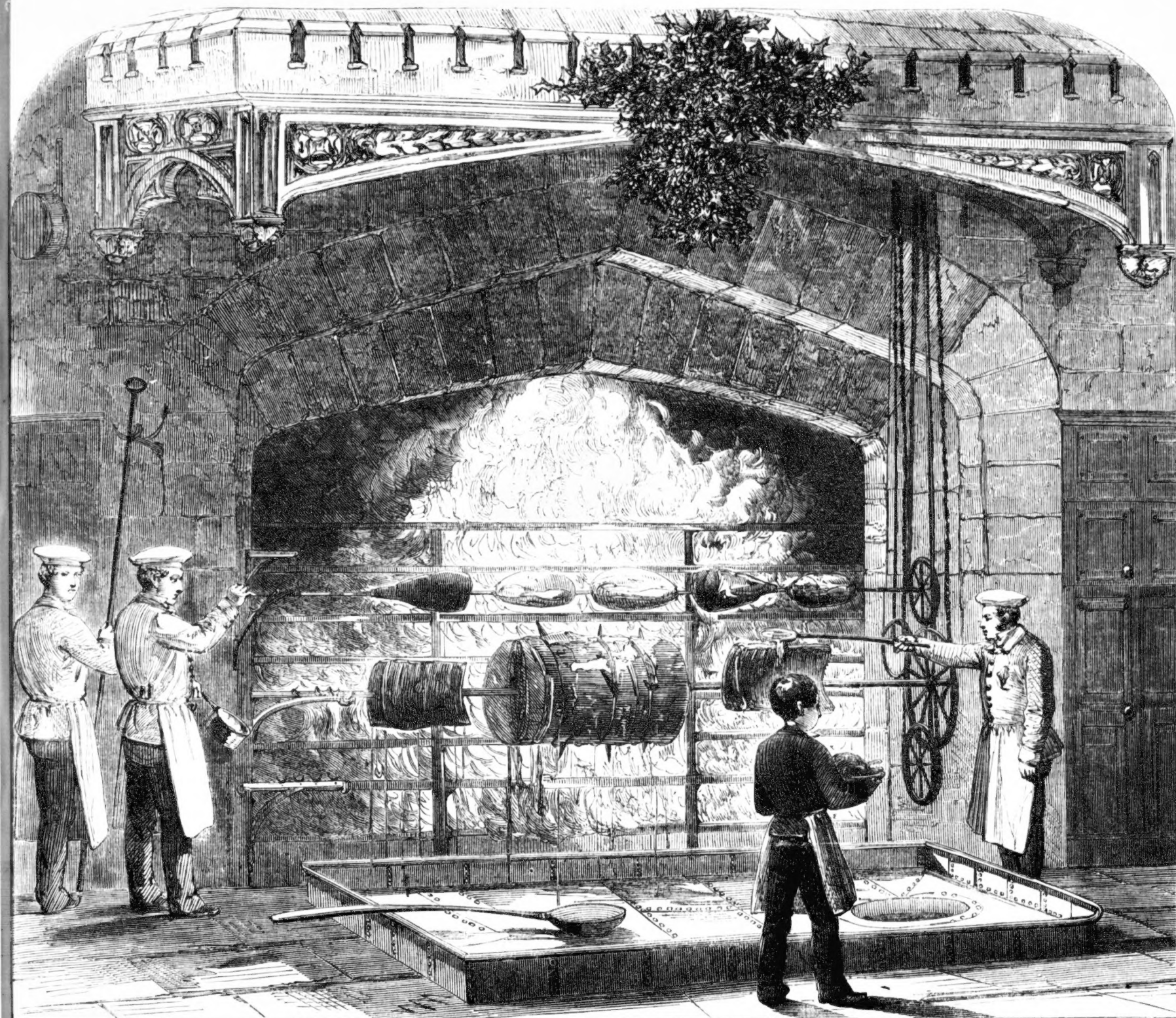
Dr. Livingstone left the interior of Africa by descending the river Quelimani, which empties itself into the Mozambique Channel. The last news that he heard from Europe while far away from the coast, was when he was near Loando. He then read of the battle of Balaklava. It was a twelvemonth before he heard further news. Dr. Livingstone was taken on board the *Essex* on the Mozambique coast. He had great difficulty in speaking a sentence of English, having dreamed it so long while travelling in Africa. He had with him a native from the interior of Africa. This man, when he got to the Mauritius, was so excited with the steamers and various wonders of civilisation, that he went mad, jumped into the sea, and was drowned. Dr. Livingstone had been absent from England seventeen years. Mrs. Livingstone was staying at Southampton, and has been suffering much from anxiety on account of the delay in the arrival of the *Candia*. Some time previously, her husband had been mourned as dead for months; and she was almost overwhelmed with emotion on hearing of his safety after so many years.



DR. LIVINGSTONE, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER, IN HIS TRAVELLING COSTUME.



BANQUET GIVEN TO CAPTAIN HARTSTEIN AND HIS FELLOW-OFFICERS BY THE CORPORATION OF PORTSMOUTH.



CHRISTMAS AT WINDSOR CASTLE: ROASTING THE BARON OF BEEF FOR THE CHRISTMAS BANQUET.
SEE PAGE 2.)



1. This talented individual has two cheeses in his pusses. How do you make that out?



3. How do you make out this terrible personage to be more than the vessel he is standing in?



5. What is the difference between the above two objects?



7. Why ought this high-spirited, though by no means able-bodied, officer to be sent home every Saturday?



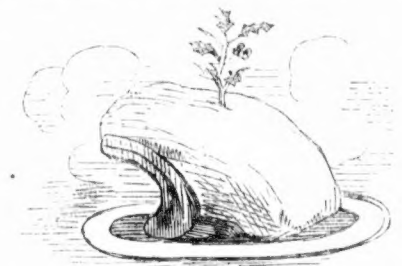
2. Why is this wise old saw good to eat?



4. If you were to hire the above at sixpence a week, why would it be sufficient to accommodate several families?



6. Why is the above apparently simple feat really more wonderful than Robert Houdin's bottle?



8. Now why need you insult the talent of our establishment by assuming that it took two artists to make the simple Christmas study?

SOME MORE WHY KNOTS AND WHAT MATTERS.

NEW MUSIC.

THE ALBUMS.

Julien's Album, 1857. London: Julien and Co.

M. JULIEN has the peculiar aptitude of affiancing music and the sister arts, as it were to give a parting charm to the old year while it welcomes the new comer. The present volume, like its predecessors, bears evidence of talent, time, and money having been expended on it; and the result is in every respect worthy of the purpose for which it is intended—namely, an elegant present. Were not the public fully acquainted with the ornate style which characterises M. Julien's yearly token, we might be tempted to enlarge on the taste in design, and on the delicate colouring, upon which the artist has brought his inventive faculties to bear. This is, however, unnecessary. The simple assurance, that, as a whole, the album of '57 challenges rivalry with those which have preceded it, will be a sufficient acknowledgment of its decorative merits. Beautiful as is the embossed and illuminated exterior, the essential part, that which lies within, is in no way inferior. The recent compositions of Angelina, Linley, Roch Albert, König, Osborne, and last, not least, Julien himself, is a sufficient guarantee for its style and quality. In all, there are twenty-two pieces. The album is a present-book to which we feel bound to award our hearty recommendation.

D'Albert's Album for 1857. London: Chappell and Co.

THIS periodical production is splendidly got up, alike in point of style, design, and execution. We can imagine many a fair tongue eloquent in praise of its various details as the volume undergoes examination. The title-page is really beautiful. We love flowers, dogs, Psyche-looking butterflies, and fountains, better than morocco work, however tasty. The presentation page, too, is charming; and the first portrait—that of Her Majesty—evokes the loyal wish that she may long continue to look as well and as happy as here represented. The Estelle is worthy of her name; Florian himself could not have fancied a fairer. The view of St. Petersburg by moonlight is excellent; while the illustrations of the "Sybil" and the "Savoyard" are in Brandard's happiest style. There are eighteen pieces of music which occupy 136 folio pages, and include valse, polka, schottische, and quadrille, all of the most modern date and popular character.

Winter's Warm Fireside. Written by E. S. H. L. Composed by W. T. WRIGHTSON. London: Cocks and Co.

WHILE the wind chops about the sharp and cold angles of the compass, and frost and rain tread so closely, the bare idea of a warm fireside begets a glow, artificial though it may be. Singers anxious to be "up" in this song should learn it from the fireside, and sing it when there. Thus, in a double sense, a charm will be imparted, that of anticipation and reality. The last strain of the song seems to concentrate the essence of both music and words, and stands out in bold relief for a family chorus.

Draw Round the Fire. Composed by J. N. SPORLE. London: W. Williams.

AMONG the many reasonable re-issues, this song claims a passing notice, because it is neither sung so much nor known so well as it ought to be.

This Parting is the Last. Ballad. Words by W. MACREADY. Composed by CHARLES EDWARD KITTLE. Birmingham: Published by the Author.

THE few bars comprising this effusion are fully as melodious as the average number of ballads that have lately found favour with the public.

My Lady Sleeps. Words by LONGFELLOW. Music by E. L. HIME.

Also, *King Wlaff's Drinking-Horn*. Same Poet and Composer. London: Duff and Hodgson.

LONGFELLOW is perhaps the best "find" that musicians at home and abroad have fallen in with for many a long day. Everybody is "setting" him. In four-part unaccompanied vocalisms, much, very much, depends on having persons accustomed to work together. The best compositions of this class frequently go for nothing, even when entrusted to first-rate singers, who are not habituated to practise and cultivate the style such music demands. "My Lady Sleeps" is set for treble, alto, tenor, and bass. "King Wlaff," the drunken Saxon, demands an alto, tenor, and two distinct basses. There is an accompaniment to each, but it is only intended as an assistant and examiner in getting up the vocal quartet; nothing more.

I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight. Poetry by LONGFELLOW. Music by W. C. SELLE. London: A. W. Hammond.

THERE is some excellent writing in this song. It requires a voice of an octave and a-half compass, and a singer who has studied the value of taste and expression.

When the Silver Moon is beaming. HORACE MARTIN. Music by J. SCHONDORF. London: "Musical Bouquet" Office.

THIS is one of a large class of German songs which are being "done into English" almost every day. Mr. Martin has given the text with great care. The music—set in D flat major, twelve-eight time—is not without merit.

Sacred Song—Fear not, for I am with thee. Words from the Scriptures. Music by S. E. YOUNG. London: Boosey and Sons.

THIS fair authoress has given to the world several compositions of a sacred character. Judging from the song in question, her mind seems fully sensible of the importance of the words to which the music is wedded, and she has taken great pains to illustrate them.

Polka, La Trompette; Schottische, La Coquette; and Quadrille, La Belle Orientale. London: Boosey and Sons.

THE first of these pieces is highly characteristic; the second is from a motive of Mozart's—melodious and pretty; while the third is fresh and sparkling. Each seems to be admirably adapted for the purposes intended.

The Star of the East. Waltz by Miss ELLEN L. GLASCOCK. London: Addison, Hollier, and Lucas.

To strike out anything very novel in this department of the musical art, is no small achievement. "The Star of the East," like other stars, is liable to occultations and setting. As this newly-risen star is not without light, the probability is, that it may irradiate many a polished music-desk. We perceive that it is dedicated to one of Britain's most illustrious daughters, Florence Nightingale.

The Bridal Bells. Polka by W. H. BIRCH. London: J. H. Jewell.

WHENEVER bells form a portion of music of this class, they are generally exercised to an extent which destroys the intended effect. This polka is overdone, but being easy, it will in all probability find admirers among young people.

Grand Galop Brillant for the Pianoforte. By LEFEBURE WILY. London: "Musical Bouquet" Office.

WILY's pianoforte works are fully recognised on the Continent. This grand galop (Op. 62) is very spirited and quite characteristic of the author. The *Blue Eyes Waltz* and the *Whirligig Galop*. By W. H. MONTGOMERY. "Musical Bouquet" Office.

INTERESTING music for little fingers, and light fantastic toes.

Then you have not forgotten old friends. Ballad written by CHARLES SWAIN, and Composed by J. W. HOBBS. London: Duff and Hodgson.

A BALLAD in which fine sentiment and a good melody are united.

The Siege of Kars. Descriptive Song, written by J. DUFF; composed by E. L. HIME. London: Duff and Hodgson.

DESCRIPTIVE songs, generally speaking, owe their paternity to great and stirring events. The affair in Trafalgar's Bay, some half century since, gave rise to a song, of which Englishmen may be justly proud. "Black-eyed Susan" and "The Storm," interpreted by Inceledon, have drawn a full house at Drury Lane, when Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles could not; and Brahms' "Death of Nelson," in a pecuniary sense, was a grand success. This shows the fever height to which the public pulse rises upon any patriotic question. The fall of Kars, and its attendant horrors, victories, braveries, and defeats, is too fresh in the memory to need recital. Brahms' song alluded to seems to have formed the model for the fall of Kars. It opens with a recitative *andante* in C minor, followed by an aria, *tempo di marcia*, in C major; then a short *andante* movement, travelling through D flat major into the key of C, in which shouts of triumph greet "Knight of Kars."

EXECUTION AT YORK.

JOHN HANNAH was executed on Saturday, for the murder of Jane Benham. He slept well before the night of his execution; and on leaving the condemned cell, he appeared patient and resigned, but did not bear up very well against his fate. He wept and sighed, as he had frequently done since his condemnation.

Shortly before twelve, the Under-Sheriff arrived at the Castle, and demanded the body of the culprit in due form. Hannah then underwent the operation of pinioning, during which he sustained himself with considerable fortitude. At twelve, the procession made its appearance on the drop. Probably not more than 5,000 people were present. On facing the crowd, Hannah appeared to tremble considerably, and his face had an ashy whiteness. He was almost immediately placed with his back to the spectators, and kneeling down for a few minutes, he engaged fervently in prayer with the chaplain. Before rising, the chaplain took his leave of the unhappy man, with whom he shook hands, as did also some of the prison officials. He was then placed under the fatal beam, and the executioner advanced, and proceeded with great coolness to the performance of his duties. At the time the drop fell, the prisoner held a Prayer-Book in his hand, which he retained until his struggles were over, when it dropped on the pavement below. The crowd was remarkably still and orderly.

The culprit, during the last week, had written two letters, one to his father and mother, and another to his twin brother. They were both very affectionately written, and exhibited much contrition. Hannah also on one occasion gave a somewhat lengthened account of the circumstances under which the murder was committed. He stated that he came from Manchester in search of work. On arriving at Leeds, he found that the dramatic company with which the deceased was connected was at Armley, and he resolved to go to see her, not having the slightest idea of doing her any injury, much less of murdering her. He obtained an interview with her, and states that it was, in the outset, of a friendly character, but that presently the deceased said something which annoyed him. He had been drinking heavily the day before, and had had some more liquor that morning. He became excited, and struck the deceased with his fists. This she resented by using further provocation, the most galling of which was her showing to him a miniature portrait of another man. He became exasperated beyond control, and they fell to fighting, when, finding that the deceased was too strong for him, he, still without any thought of murder, pulled his razor out of his pack to frighten her. This, however, had not the desired effect; a scuffle ensued; he got cut on the hands; and eventually, maddened with drink, and galled with jealousy, he made a dash at the wretched woman, and cut her throat.

Hannah's father petitioned Her Majesty for a reprieve. In this petition, he states that he himself was at the taking of Finsbury, and that he afterwards served under Wellington; that he lost a son in the Canadian rebellion; that another son was wounded in the Crimea; and that another son is in the militia. He concludes as follows:—"Your humble petitioner hopes that your most Gracious Majesty will take into your consideration the service that this family has done for their Queen and country, and spare the life of my unfortunate son, for my sake, and that of his poor mother that was with me through the Peninsular War. This is the humble and sincere wish of your humble and faithful servant, and father of my unfortunate son."

THE GREAT NORTHERN AND CRYSTAL PALACE FRAUDS.—The convict Robson has for several days past been suffering in the infirmary of Newgate severe illness, and for two or three days was entirely deprived of his mental faculties. His health, however, is now improving. He has made but slow progress with his accounts, which he will not be removed from Newgate till that is disposed of. Since the appointment of Mr. Moatt, secretary of the Great Northern Railway Company, as trade assignee, between £301,000 and £10,000 have been realised from Redpath's property, and his trade debts being but little more than £4,000, they will, it is stated, be paid 20s. in the pound, and upon Redpath's conviction a petition will be presented to the Lords of the Treasury to permit the surplus assets to be appropriated towards the liquidation of his delinquencies on the company. Redpath has been visited several times in the House of Detention by an accountant, to assist him in preparing his balance-sheets. The trial of Redpath and Kent is fixed for the 13th instant, as is also the trial for the great gold robbery.

LAW AND CRIME.

LORD HASTINGS is rendering efficient service to the cause of reform by his exhibition of a peculiar phase of the rural magistracy system. It appears that the inhabitants of a village within his Lordship's jurisdiction have long exercised a prescriptive right of taking rabbits from a common there. The Game Laws have recently been put in force against several persons who have exercised this ancient privilege, and the magistrates (namely, certain country gentlemen of the neighbourhood who naturally consider their rights invaded by the popular destruction of game) have delivered several sentences not calculated to receive the approval of the public in general. The editor of a local paper, the "Norfolk News," makes some comments upon the facts, and Lord Hastings, as one of the magistrates, is evidently stung. He threatens personal violence to the editor, if his Lordship be again attacked. As might be expected, this does not silence the "Norfolk News," and Lord Hastings proceeds in person to the editor's residence. When introduced to the presence of that potent personage, the mind of his Lordship becomes illuminated with the sudden consciousness of two singular facts. One of these is, that Lord Hastings himself, although an aristocrat, is a man of mean stature and small personal powers; and the other, that the editor—albeit a literary man and an attorney—is a tall, strong, broad-shouldered gentleman, who could crack across his knee any bone in his Lordship's body, if occasion demanded. Lord Hastings, hereupon giving up his intention of thrashing his opponent, talks of pistols and of blowing out brains. But the editor, knowing that although a pistol bullet might remove his own brains, the feat of reaching his Lordship's might be a matter of greater difficulty, even to the best of shots, treats the very unfair proposition implied by this discourse with contempt. Lord Hastings, upon this, becomes violently abusive, swears, calls naughty names, and is turned out, the editor, in the most magnanimous manner, refraining from even kicking him down stairs, in consideration, possibly, of his small size.

After a brief interval two men named Hagon and Dugate are charged with taking rabbits from the common. Mr. MacEntee, a counsel, appears for the prisoner Hagon, and is instructed by Mr. Tillet, the editor of the "Norfolk News," who is also a solicitor. Before these proceedings are entered upon Mr. MacEntee gives notice that he is about to make an application that Lord Hastings (then sitting as Chairman of the bench) be bound over to keep the peace towards Mr. Tillet, and he therefore requests that Lord Hastings do leave the bench pending the adjudication of his own case. Lord Hastings refuses. He sneeringly requires that Mr. Tillet should swear to the fact of being in bodily fear from his small Lordship. He addresses the Counsel as "my good fellow," "my dear fellow," laughs outright at his own miserable and degrading jockeys, while everyone else preserves a stern silence; compares Mr. Tillet to an "orang-outang" and "a bear"; he says "yes," when the Counsel charges him with having, in Mr. Tillet's own house, assailed that gentleman with "abusive expressions and abusive names, accompanied by foul oaths;" and finally he endeavours, in the most direct way, to provoke a duel by such remarks as these:—"Fight—Why, my dear fellow, he has got no fight in him! If Mr. Tillet likes, I have no doubt . . . You know that in Ireland they do these things much easier. . . . I did not say that I would blow any man's brains out; but if a man fights a duel he runs the risk of having his brains blown out, but you must get a man out first. If a man won't come out you have not a chance. You don't suppose I am an assassin to blow a man's brains out; if he won't fight? . . . There is a certain course open to men;" &c., &c. Every one of these sentences, spoken by a Lord from his place in the presidential seat of a British judicial bench being a clear incitement to a breach of the peace. But we will not descend to criticise as such the ill-manners of a provincial aristocrat, or the folly of a small man who, finding that he dare not attempt to thrash a large adversary, fancies that the advantages of personal magnitude ought to be reversed by reciprocated pistol-shooting. Mr. Tillet is no doubt perfectly able to fight his own battles in every way, but the public asks for a voice in the matter, and to raise this against the system which sets these ill-manners and this folly upon the tribunal of English justice, and places liberty and character at its disposal. If Lord Hastings be dismissed, the root of the evil will still be untouched, and will assuredly send forth many a new and evil shoot. But afford the rural districts that justice which the town now obtains, and give them a paid and properly qualified Magistracy, and we shall hear no more brawling from the bench, and none of those wicked and cruel sentences, which at intermittent periods raise throughout the entire land one general protest of indignation and disgust.

The prospectus of a new society for facilitating the collection of debts, is extensively placarded about the metropolis. Among other advantages, it offers the free use of a private list of all registered bills of sale, warrants of attorney, cognovits, and judges' orders. We only mention the society

for the sake of this announcement, of which we have no reason to doubt the good faith. We know that at least one other establishment of a similar kind accords the same privilege to its subscribers. But it ought to be known to the public, that the registration of these documents is compelled by Acts of Parliament, which provide a proper office for the purpose, and further impose a fee of one shilling for every search. Now, if these registers be allowed to be copied throughout by private persons or companies, in order that searches may be made therein upon any other terms than the payment of the statutory fee to those officially entitled to receive it, those in charge of these registers commit an act of gross dereliction of duty. The matter has only to be exposed to be instantly stopped. In order to show the extent to which this illegal practice obtains, we may state, on good authority, that a printed list, taken from the official register of judges' orders, is periodically published *confidentially* to the subscribers to a certain establishment. And when it is considered that an action, having once been brought, and four days having elapsed from service of the writ, no arrangement can be afterwards come to between the parties, according to strict practice, without a judge's order, and that subsequent payment is not shown on the register,—the public will at once perceive the magnitude of the evil. A disputed account, arranged by payment of a sum perhaps much less than that sued for, may be the means of bringing a tradesman's name into print in a list published exclusively as a caution to creditors. The mere entry of his name in the official catalogue, where it must be specially sought for, is as nothing in comparison with this. Thus, the injury affects not only the public revenue, but the public themselves.

At the Westminster Police Court, an omnibus conductor was charged with embezzlement of fares received by him. Mr. Field (the late inspector) had been employed to detect supposed depredations, and had taken a place inside the omnibus, while one of his assistants travelled outside. Mr. Field provided himself with certain beans and peas, which he deposited, one at a time, into a particular envelope as each passenger was set down—a bean denoting a sixpenny fare, a pea a fourpenny, and so on. Mr. Field did not see the money paid; and thereby, with all his shrewdness, will certainly have made a hash of the case. The conductor's money was found three shillings short when reckoned up by the peas and beans; but there is nothing to show that he may not have undercharged certain passengers, either in error or by favour. Nor is it quite impossible that even keen Mr. Field may have made some slight mistake in his computation of the amount of some of the fares. Such is the difficulty of detecting embezzlement by omnibus conductors—a difficulty which casts a positive temptation before the eyes of these poor men. In France there is a system of check upon the amount received; but as this would involve an improvement in our omnibuses, we can scarcely hope for its application. Another excellent preventive is to pay the men liberally, as men in situations of trust ought to be paid, and must be, if their honesty is sought to be depended upon.

We have not, in this column, for two or three weeks past, specially alluded to the garotte robberies; firstly, because we had already expressed our opinions thereon generally; and secondly, because the public mind appeared thoroughly awakened to the importance of the subject. Moreover, the cases ordinarily bore such a strong family resemblance, that it became sickening to record the separate brutality of outrages scarcely differing in their respective details. Within the last few days, their frequency and violence have attained an extent which even alarmists could scarcely have ventured to anticipate. On the other hand, frightful occurrences take place by means of the weapons with which those apprehensive of being robbed provide themselves for personal security. Thus, at Brighton, a young gentleman of family has, in drunken wantonness, stabbed a girl with a spring dagger-knife, of that formidable kind of which counterpart specimens are now carried by ordinarily peaceful Londoners. Mr. Hugh Miller, in a moment of insanity, has slain himself with his own revolver—the bed-room revolver—which appears to have become a more necessary auxiliary to an Englishman's rest in his own chamber than even his nightcap. The same fatal weapon, by an accidental discharge, killed a gunsmith who examined it. On Tuesday last, the daily papers afforded us an insight into the private life of a garotter. We had evidence of his breakfasting with his companion of the preceding evening, and chatting over their exploits. One says, "We nearly killed the ——" (using here the foul epithet with which our lower classes designate a man in general), but we didn't have all the stuff from him." The other replies, "Yes, I'd ha' killed him outright if you hadn't sugout 'Don't choke him.'" One of them mentions, that the last he garotted was a female. The nation will give these men the benefit of every legal loop-hole at the Old Bailey; provide them in any event with decent food, lodging, and raiment; attend to their spiritual necessities; and finally let them loose once more upon the British public, after a longer or shorter term, according to the temper or caprice of the judge who tries them. Whatever their sentence may be, it will probably be utterly falsified by a ticket-of-leave.

A ruffian, who had nearly throttled a respectable woman while attempting to rob her, was captured and taken before Mr. Conbe, who, on hearing the case, asked the prisoner whether he would prefer having the case dealt with summarily. Of course the prisoner would prefer it, as he must know that the magistrate had no power to inflict a long term of imprisonment or to transport him. His inclinations must be studied, and his "preference" must be regarded, the "preference" of the public, whom he will recommence strangling by night on regaining his liberty, being totally out of the question. So the fellow escapes with three months' imprisonment, just half what he might have received had he thrashed his paramour. The politeness exhibited by the magistrate in this affair is something to be admired. It would have needed but a small stretch of such courtesy to ask the rascal into a private room there to decide whether he would "prefer" port or sherry!

Meanwhile, we can only hope that in some moment auspicious to the public, two or three of these fellows may happen to attack the wrong man. Their outrages have raised such a spirit that (if the thing be not even at present done) we shall shortly have honest, stout-hearted men *way laying the thieves*, and exposing themselves to attempted robbery with the firm determination that whoever essays it shall be thoroughly and at once disqualified for any future effort of the kind.

MURDER OF TWO CHILDREN.

MARTHA BACON, a married woman of twenty-six years of age, has been remanded on a charge of murdering her two children, one aged fifteen months, the other about three years and a-half old. She was also charged with attempting self-destruction.

Police-constable Henry Cook deposed that, in compliance with the request of the prisoner and another woman, he went to a house in Four Acre Street, Acre Lane, Kennington. On entering the parlour of the house, he found the elder child, a boy, sitting in a chair, with his head leaning on a table, quite dead and cold, and his throat cut from ear to ear. Witness then went up stairs, and on entering the back room on the first floor, found the other child lying on the floor, with his face downwards, quite dead, and its throat also cut.

On the bed in this room witness found a woman's night-dress, all over blood. The prisoner said, "I did not do it; a man came in at the window and did it." Witness added, "I don't recollect her saying anything else; but the fact was, that there was something the matter with her mind, and I avoided talking to her."

Mrs. Harriet Payne, to whose nephew prisoner is married, said that in consequence of his (Mr. Bacon's) having to go to work at Regate all last week, it was arranged that witness's daughter should stay with prisoner till his return. Accordingly the young woman went to prisoner's house on Monday night, late, but after repeatedly knocking could gain no admittance. Next morning, witness met the prisoner, who informed her that a man had got into the house and murdered her two children. Upon this witness accompanied the prisoner to the station-house, when they called out the constable Cook.

Mr. Bushell, a surgeon, deposed that the children's throats seemed to have been cut in a most determined manner; the elder child had been undoubtedly murdered where he was found, and the other seemed to have been taken out of bed, and its throat cut where it lay. This child had only a night-gown on; the elder had more clothing. The wounds on the prisoner's throat were very slight. She told witness that a man had got into the window at about eight o'clock the previous (Monday) evening, and committed the murders. Mr. Bushell thought that the wounds were made at about the time stated by the prisoner.

A knife, which appeared to have been much wiped, but still deeply stained, was found in the house. The clothes of the prisoner were found unstained with blood, except such as might have flowed from her own wounds. She persisted in the statement that she was not guilty, but her manner gave rise to the suspicion that she is of unsound mind. She was remanded.

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